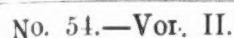
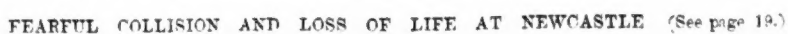


THE ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.



ONE PENNY.



Notes of the Week.

MR. WM. PAYNE, the coroner for the City of London, held an inquest at Guy's Hospital on the body of a man, who met with his death under the following circumstances:—From the evidence of Mr. Pass, living at Bellham, it appears that the deceased was travelling with him in a third-class carriage from New-cross to Forest-hill Station. The deceased sat next to witness, and on leaving New-cross it was ascertained that a lady's dress had caught in the carriage door. The deceased thereupon opened the door and got the dress out, and afterwards leant out of the window for the purpose of fastening the catch at the bottom of the carriage. The suspicions of the people were aroused that he was rather long fastening the catch; and upon hearing Forest-hill, witness got up, and looked at the deceased, when he discovered him with his hands hanging down outside the carriage, and a blow on his forehead. Witness got the deceased in from the window. It was afterwards ascertained that the deceased was about to raise his head while the train was passing under the bridge, and that in doing so his head came in contact with the abutment, causing a concussion of the brain. Ann Hopwood, of Wandsworth-common, the lady whose dress caught in the door, corroborated the above evidence. The Coroner having summed up the evidence, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

On Monday Lord Palmerston visited Winchester on the occasion of the inauguration of the Diocesan Training School, and was most cordially received. At the opening ceremony the Bishop of Winchester made an impressive address in reference to the institution, after which the Bishop of Oxford preached a sermon in aid of the funds, in which he dwelt at considerable length on the general question of the education of the people through the means of properly trained teachers. At the conclusion of the service the Mayor and corporation of the City, through the Recorder, presented an address to the noble lord, in which they expressed their admiration of his public character, and their grateful acknowledgment of his administrative abilities. Lord Palmerston, in reply, thanked them for this expression of their approval, and trusted that the present Ministry would continue to enjoy the confidence of the country. A grand banquet in the evening concluded the proceedings.

On Saturday, Mr. Bedford held an inquest at St. George's Hospital, on the body of Anne Streetley, aged fifty-eight, lately residing at 6, Lower George-street, who expired in that hospital from burns caused by her clothes taking fire, according to her own statement, through falling asleep, and upsetting the candle on her dress. No one saw the occurrence. The house surgeon said deceased was admitted on the previous Tuesday morning about half-past one o'clock. She was extensively burned about the face, arms, neck, body, and legs. She was then intoxicated, and very talkative, but she died the same morning at a quarter to three o'clock. No remedies were of any use. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

A PASTORAL on the subject of the riots of the last two Sundays, from the pen of Cardinal Wiseman to "his dear Irish children," was read on Sunday morning in all the Roman Catholic churches and chapels in "the archdiocese of Westminster." His eminence, after observing that as pastor over the Catholics of Westminster, it was painful to him to hear of any of them going astray, proceeded as follows:—"Unfortunately this has been the case on the two last Sundays with a certain number of you (the Irish). Their violent conduct in Hyde park on those two days cannot, of course, be imputed to your whole body, nor even to a portion of it, for a few hundreds only took part in it, while you are thousands in number. Still even those who were present have been the cause of much sorrow and distress to myself, to your loving clergy, and to all the good of your nation and of your religion. If any of you hear my words who took a share in the riotous proceedings on either of the last Sundays, and, still more, who intend to renew those wicked scenes, I beg, I entreat, I conjure you—as your Father in Christ—may, I solemnly enjoin and command you as your Bishop, not even to go to the park to-day, or on any future day, when there may be the least danger of conflict or collision. You will not for a moment suspect me of sympathy with those assemblies which have led to these distressing occurrences, and which I trust will be prevented in future by the good sense of the people, and the watchfulness of our public authorities. Such senseless meetings become scandalous when, under a political pretence, the religion of others is insulted and cries provocative of resentment and violence are uttered. But if others choose to act wickedly as well as foolishly this is no reason why you should do so. Leave them to their own folly and be not the cause of greater evils ensuing from it." After eulogising the powers of endurance which the Irish portion of his flock had displayed in times past when their faith has been persecuted, he urges them not to give way to deeds of riot, of violence, and even of bloodshed, and possible murder on the present occasion of outcry against the Pope. He expresses a hope for better things from them. Not only they do no good by such a course to the cause which they wish to support, but they injured it most grievously. The cause of the Pontiff was the cause of justice, of truth, of virtue, of religion, of God himself, and bludgeons and blows and tumult were not the means by which such a cause was to be supported. After comparing the conduct of his Holiness with that of his thoughtless Irish followers, his eminence again urged them not to go even within the risk or possibility of danger—that day in particular, and in conclusion entreated those who have hitherto held aloof from the late riotous proceeding, and also the wives and children of those who were indiscreet enough to take part in them, to use their influence in preventing their repetition.

A PETITION has been forwarded by Catherine Taylor (née Constance Wilson) to the Home Secretary, praying for the extension of mercy. In this document she positively asserts that the deceased Mrs. Soames, for murdering whom by the administration of poison she has been condemned and sentenced to death, died a natural death, and that all the other persons with whom she had been connected, and who were alleged to have been poisoned, also died from natural causes. She still maintains her firmness of demeanour, and is apparently unaffected by the near approach of death. The execution is fixed to take place in front of Newgate on Monday, the 20th instant. Upon the occasion of the condemned sermon, the convict who is about to suffer the last penalty of the law is no longer exposed, as formerly, to the gaze of other prisoners, but is quite secluded from sight.

On Monday morning, about one o'clock, Joseph Cheetham, who lives at No. 47, Wilmer-square, Arlington, for the purpose of taking care of the house of his employers, Messrs. Dove, Brothers, was aroused from his sleep by a violent noise at the street door. He partly dressed himself and went down to see what was wanted. The moment the door was opened a man who was in wait under the porch sprang upon and pinioned him, thereby depriving him of all means of resistance, and a second man, who had been waiting near the lamp-post, came up and struck him repeatedly in the face, breaking two of his teeth; then seized him by the throat with one hand, and thrust the other into Cheetham's mouth. While in this position one of the garotters snatched from his waistcoat pocket a gold guard chain and also a gold Albert chain; they then tried his pockets, which, fortunately, were empty. After holding him in this manner until he was almost insensible, they released him, and decamped with their booty through the square. Cheetham states that he severely bit the hand that was in his mouth. He is now in a most pitiable state, his mouth and throat much swollen, bruised, and discoloured. Two neighbours in the square, hearing his groans, went to his assistance, and found the poor fellow with his face covered with blood.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

M. de la Guernoniere's journal *Le France*, while joining the older ultramontane and the Government press in extracting from the late riots in Hyde-park the convenient moral that all public meetings are bad things, and should not be allowed by any well-constituted Government, makes a touching appeal to its readers in favour of the ten thousand "innocent Irishmen" who, as it represents, were wantonly set upon, ill-used, and overwhelmed by a ferocious majority ten times as numerous. *Le France*, with true jesuitical reticence, carefully conceals from its readers that not one of the 100,000 Garibaldians assembled in Hyde-park went there for the purpose of imposing upon any human being an opinion by physical force. Not one of that vast multitude of Italian sympathisers would ever have dreamt of interfering by physical force with any meeting which the partisans of the Pope might have desired to hold at their own time and place.

The *Journal des Debats* gives some details relative to the destruction of the electric telegraph office at that port during the late thunder-storm. At seven in the morning the two men at the post were occupied in trying their apparatus, and in manipulating their chemical products, when frequent electrical commotions made them comprehend that a storm was coming on. They thought it prudent to quit their occupation, and descend; but scarcely had they reached the last step of the staircase than they were thrown down by a frightful explosion, and remained for some time in almost a state of insensibility. The lightning had destroyed all the apparatus of the office. When an entrance could be effected, the place was found to be in a state of the most indescribable confusion, doors had been torn off their hinges, the iron-work melted, and all the walls so strongly impregnated with a sulphureous odour, that it was almost impossible to remain in the place. A small refreshment-room standing near was also struck by the lightning, and all the furniture, bottles, &c., thrown down and broken. The proprietor of the place had his feet slightly burnt.

ITALY.

A letter received from Genoa, of the 8th inst., states that Colonel Santa Rosa proceeded on the afternoon of the 5th to Varignano, and announced to General Garibaldi that he had received a despatch from Turin, telling him that a decree of amnesty had been signed. He further told the general that by virtue of the amnesty he was thenceforth free. General Garibaldi replied that the guilty alone could be amnestied—that he would not accept such a favour, and that Europe should shortly know the entire truth.

A letter from Spezia, of October 8, has the following:—"Colonel Peard arrived during the night on his way back to Italy from England. He has visited his old leader, and thought him less changed by illness and confinement than he expected. Those who know the terms in which the general always speaks of his English 'friend,' can imagine the pleasure which this visit conferred on Garibaldi. To Colonel Peard, however, it was a painful sight to see the chief he had known in such different scenes confined to a sick room, and groaning on a bed of pain. If, on the one part, it was a visit of consolation, on the other it was one of great grief."

MEXICO.

The latest despatches from Mexico state that great defensive preparations are being made at Puebla, but that the Mexican army, decimated by desertions, only numbered about 15,000 men. The commanders appear to have been most painfully affected by the news of the arrival of the advanced guard of the reinforcements at Vera Cruz. That arrival has also revived the spirits of the expeditionary army, which was completely demoralized by the ravages of the yellow fever. The guerrillas continue to harass the French troops, intercepting and plundering the convoys of provisions and ammunition. At the last dates some uneasiness was felt about the safety of a convoy transporting a million of francs destined to meet the wants of the army, and which had not yet arrived at Orizaba.

PORTUGAL.

The Portuguese corvette Bartholomew Diaz, commanded by Admiral Carvalho, having on board Donna Maria of Savoy, now Queen of Portugal, and her suite, came in sight of Lisbon on Sunday morning, the 4th instant. When the squadron anchored at Belem Castle, a royal salute was fired from the admiral's ship, and from the several forts around. The King, Dom Luiz, then proceeded in the royal barge to the Bartholomew Diaz, and met the Queen. The meeting was cordial though embarrassed. The King afterwards dined on board. Numerous boats and river steamers, laden with passengers plied round the corvette. The Queen showed herself on the poop, simply, but elegantly attired, and was greeted with enthusiastic acclamations. On Monday, the 5th, the King and the ex-Regent, Dom Fernando, proceeded in the royal barge to the Bartholomew Diaz, and brought the Queen and her suite to the Pavilion erected for the occasion in the Commercial-square, where they were received by the municipal chamber. A procession was then formed to the church, the King and Queen going in one of the beautiful antique coaches belonging to the State. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Patriarch of Lisbon, in the Church of St. Dominic, and was attended with great pomp and splendour.

A Lisbon letter has the following:—"Whatever may be the impressions of our own Government respecting this marriage, it appears to have done everything possible to hurt the feelings of the Portuguese people, and ruin our prestige in this country. Why were no British vessels of war sent out to fire salutes, and show our flag on this festive occasion? And why was our Minister, Sir A. C. Mag-nis, allowed to remain in England on leave of absence? Failing him, why was not an especial envoy sent? Never did our Foreign-office commit itself more lamentably and every Portuguese one meets makes the same remark, that the English Government either does not approve of the marriage or wishes to insult their old ally. So much for our management, and never did we cut a more wretched figure. I believe Sir Arthur Mag-nis sent his coachman and his dogs by the last steamer, but pointedly deferred his own departure. The Emperor of the French has sent the Queen a magnificent diadem, but England has sent nothing."

AMERICA.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

The following is a description of the battle that took place between General Pope's Federal army and the Confederates. It is written by a lieutenant of General Stonewall Jackson's force:—"We got out of ammunition; we collected more from cartridge-boxes of fallen friend and foe; that gave out, and we charged with never-failing yell and steel. All day long they threw their masses on us; all day they fell back, shattered and shrieking. When the sun went down their dead were heaped in front of that incomplete railway, and we sighed with relief, for Longstreet could be seen coming into position on our right. The crisis was over; Longstreet never failed yet; but the sun went down so slowly. Friday—still's division took, perhaps, the most prominent part in the fight; on Thursday Ewell's and Jackson's, though all were engaged on Friday. Saturday morning—day ever memorable! for it broke the back of the great lying nation—our corps still held that

ridge, and Longstreet formed on our right, obtuse-angled to us, so that if they attacked, upon forcing us back, their flank would be exposed to Longstreet; and if they forced him back, their flank would be exposed to us. This arrangement was concealed from them so far that they suspected our strength to be to our left. Skirmishing and distant cannonading lasted till one p.m., when the action commenced, and soon grew infinitely furious. But they were outnumbered and beaten from the start, and at half-past four or five p.m. it was plain that they were terribly whipped. The fight was by far the most horrible and deadly that I have seen. Just at sunset our wings swept round in pursuit; Jackson swinging his left on the right as a pivot, and Longstreet in the reverse method. Their dead on the field were in such numbers as to sicken even the veterans of Richmond and the Shenandoah Valley, they left 2,000 dead, rotting clay, and almost innumerable wounded. Their discipline and night saved them from a rout. They retreated in a dis-able order to Centreville. 'Twas decisive; their whole army engaged—only two corps of ours—and their loss, I think, ten to one on our side. Starke's Louisiana Brigade and the 2nd Brigade of Jackson's division (their ammunition being out) fought with the stones from the ground. This I know to be a fact. Lewis Randolph, it is said, was seen to kill one man with a stone. We lost many valuable men. V—was shot early, in the breast. I found him at the hospital, very dirty in dust and blood, but in good hands. I took off my shirt and gave it to him, and sent him on his way, rejoicing, toward Middleburgh. I happened to have on a clean shirt, having bathed in Bull Run on Friday morning, and changed my clothing. On Saturday I had the narrowest escape yet; two cannon balls, within a minute of each other, passed so near me as almost to take away my breath. Strange to tell, it put me in the wildest spirits. On Monday our corps moved to Ox-hill, between Chantilly and Fairfax Court-house, where, in the afternoon, we had, under a driving thunderstorm, a smart but indecisive fight with three divisions of the enemy. In it were killed General Kearney and Stevens, valuable officers both. Thus the corps fought six days out of seven, after enormous marches. On Wednesday, the 3rd instant, we marched to Drainsville; on Thursday to Leesburg, where we met D. H. Hill's corps, Epley's division, and perhaps others. On yesterday the army crossed the Potomac, D. H. Hill a little earlier in the day than we, and at a different ford. We marched till half-past twelve last night, started to-day before day, and reached this town by one p.m. or earlier. It is twenty-four miles from Leesburg, and within eighteen of Pennsylvania. Of the scene at the passage of the Potomac I have not time to speak, nor of the battle-field of Leesburg. Saunders, coming on in an independent way, captured the telegraph operator, turned him over to General Jackson, and heard him send a message to old Abe, after which the telegraph was destroyed and the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad torn up. Stuart yesterday sent a message to Abe by another line. I have seen the *Baltimore Sun* of to-day. They are puzzling themselves as to whether we have really crossed. I wish, my dear mother, I could better tell you of these great matters. But it is easier for you to imagine how tired I am than for me to tell you. In the last thirty-six hours I have slept two. I am proud to have borne my humble part in these great operations—to have helped, even so little, to consummate the grand plan, the history of which will be a textbook to all young soldiers, and the magnificent success of which places Lee at the side of the greatest captains—Hannibal, Caesar, Eugene, Napoleon."

The military news from America is not of much importance. General McClellan is employed in making an estimate of his late losses and in watching the enemy, whose tactics he was not able to unravel, and whose movements he naturally dreaded. In an official despatch, General McClellan puts the total loss of the Federals in the two great battles in Maryland at 14,700 in killed, wounded, and missing. He thinks it may be fairly estimated that the Confederates lost 30,000 of their best troops. Rumours were current in New York that commissioners from the Southern Confederacy to make proposals for peace were on their way to Washington. Though not confirmed, it seems very probable that some proposition will be made, as it has been admitted in the Confederate Congress that the first proposals must come from the South.

Under the heading, "When will the war end?" the *Richmond Dispatch* of the 27th September publishes an article of which the following are extracts:—

"This is a question oftener asked than answered. We have been asked the question repeatedly: but if any one should ask us, 'when will the world end?' we should be just as able to give an opinion. The only way that the war can end is by the exhaustion of the North, or the extermination of the South. The North has determined to subjugate and annihilate us. It gives us only this alternative:—'The Union or death.' That, in sum and substance, is all that its most Conservative politicians propose. It is vain that some of them deny the cruel determination that we have indicated. Is there one of them—Conservative-Republican or Conservative-Democrat—who will proclaim that he prefers the sacrifice of 'the Union' to the extermination of the South? The Union is the god of all parties alike, except the ultra-Abolitionists, who, strange to say, are the only men in the North willing to 'let it slide.' The war has been carried on from the beginning by the Conservative classes, and scarcely an Abolitionist is to be found in its armies. If the 'Union sentiments' which so pervade the North were genuine patriotism we might have some hope of its abatement, or if it were mere fanaticism, the grab of passion might howl itself out; but it is the practical greed of gold, which will never let go its grip as long as life remains. The North is fighting not only for the Southern trade and commerce, but to make the South pay the enormous debt accumulated in this war. Not only this, but it is fighting for its very being. The idea is common that it is the South alone which is contending for national existence. But if the North ultimately fails in this war she will fall as fast and as far as Lucifer in his descent from heaven. The brightest jewels of her crown wrested from her grasp, the chief sources of her revenue withdrawn, and a national debt half as large as that of England, piled on her shoulders; her cities solitary, her harbours deserted, her manufactures silent, her military capacities so paralysed that she can neither command respect abroad nor ensure order in her own enormous population, composed of a seething mass of the ignorant, depraved, and fanatical of all nations, she will cling to 'the Union' and to the war, by which only she hopes to preserve it, as the shipwrecked mariner clings to the last plank that lies between him and the fathomless depth of eternity. We must bear the electric mind when we are tempted by the syren songs of hope to look for speedy peace, and to relax the exertions which alone can save our throats from the throttle of a powerful nation, engaged in a fearful and final struggle for life or death. We wish we could destroy a brighter prospect, but we see no reason for such predictions. The unmanly expectation of foreign intervention which so long deluded our people has long ago proved an idle dream. Europe not only refuses to intervene, but rejoices in her heart over the American troubles, because they are exhausting and rendering impotent for injury to despotic governments that continent whose free institutions have always kept her in a nightmare of alarm. England, the chief instrument in the disruption of the old republic, preserves rigid neutrality—that is, she furnishes the North material and the South moral aid; she permits the North to purchase materials and munitions of war, while the South, by reason of the blockade, is only partially able to do so; and she praises the South for its military prowess and patriotic devotion. She puts weapons into the hands of the Northern combatants, and she puts the Southern combatants on the head, and cries, 'Bravo boys, pitch into him.' We are beguiling to understand all this, and to dismiss from our minds the monstrous delusion of foreign intervention."

PRUSSIA.

news from Prussia is of immense importance. The constitutional conflict is at present of a simple nature. The Government of Prussia, says the House of Commons, has no right to vote the budget. The budget, says the ministerial party, is a law to which the House of Lords and the King must give their consent as well as the House of Commons. If either the Lords or the King refuse to sanction the budget as voted by the Commons, there is no budget; and if there is no budget the Government may do with the people's money whatever it likes. The House of Commons adopted a resolution declaring the vote of the Upper House for the acceptance of the budget brought forward by the Government to be opposed to the plain sense and words of the constitution, and upon that account null and void; and that the Government would therefore not be justified in basing any rights whatever on the vote. The Prussian Chambers were closed on Monday afternoon. The President of the Ministry read the speech from the throne. The speech laments that the discussions on the budget for 1862 have not led to a legal settlement, and continues:—"That budget, as amended by the Lower House, having been rejected by the Upper House, the Government finds itself compelled to carry out the budget as it was originally laid before the Lower House, without taking cognizance of the conditions imposed by the constitution. The Government, although conscious of the responsibility arising out of this deplorable state of things, is also mindful of its duties to the country, and herein finds authorization for defraying, until the legal settlement of the budget takes place, the expenditure necessary for the preservation of existing institutions and the development of the welfare of the country. It feels convinced that this course will hereafter receive the sanction of the Chambers."

FEARFUL STEAMBOAT COLLISION ON THE TYNE.

On engraving this week on the front page represents the fearful steamboat collision that recently occurred on the Tyne, with considerable sacrifice of human life. The Tyne-mouth packet-steamer, belonging to the Tyne General Ferry Company, was coming down from Newcastle to Shields with passengers, and was a little below Mill Point, about nightfall, when she met the Forrester passenger-steamer, belonging to the Percy line, coming up from Shields, also with passengers, and with a number of working men employed in the factories and iron shipbuilding yards in the Tyne, which she had taken in at the landing stages on her passage up. From bad seamanship, probably, the Tyne-mouth ran into the Forrester with fearful violence, striking her amidships. A most terrible scene immediately followed. The Tyne-mouth then backed and dragged the Forrester with her into mid-channel, and as soon as they parted the Forrester immediately began to fill with water, and in three minutes sunk, her passengers, who were on deck, floating about in the water. Several working men were seen struggling, with their arms in their hands, and boats put off to their rescue. The crew of the Forrester, and most of the passengers, were saved by the boats, but there is too much reason to fear that several, at least, of the poor people were drowned, as there were a good many passengers in the cabin of the Forrester at the time of the collision, and from the short period that elapsed between the collision and the boat sinking there is cause to fear that some of those below were drowned. Several persons had most narrow escapes, and a foreign seaman had lost his chest and clothing and £40 in money. The Tyne-mouth was so much injured that she had to be run ashore. The fireman of the Forrester had his hands much burnt by clambering up the chimney as the boat was sinking. Two bodies were shortly afterwards recovered from the wreck. Another death resulting from the accident subsequently occurred. A boy was washed from his mother's side whilst on board and drowned; and the mother was saved, but suffered severely from her loss. The name of this poor woman was Eleanor Willinson, residing at Stella. She was only twenty-eight years of age; and for a month past had been absent from home visiting her friends in different parts of the country, accompanied by her son George, a boy little more than seven years old. She took her passage for St. Peter's on board the Forrester, intending to visit a sister of hers at that place, before proceeding home to her husband and the remainder of her family; but the occurrence of the collision at Mill Point caused her boy to be swept into the river when he had actually set foot upon the Tyne-mouth, on which she had already found safety, thinking that he was by her side. From that time till her death she suffered almost constantly from hysterical fits, or delirium. She also presented appearances of having been injured internally in her struggle to save the life of herself and child; but whether her death is owing to this cause or to the exhaustion caused by hysteria, or both, we are not able to state.

FEARFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT AND GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

A RAILWAY accident, the like of which has not occurred since the Clayton Tunnel catastrophe, happened on Monday evening on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, about twelve miles to the west of the Scottish metropolises.

The accident happened at about 6.30, it being caused by a collision between the train that left Glasgow for Edinburgh at five o'clock, and the Scottish Central train which left Edinburgh at six o'clock for Perth. The pointsman, it is said, made a mistake in allowing one train to pass, and the fearful result was that the two trains met each other on the same line of rails; hence the catastrophe. The trains, it is said, were going at the rate of only six miles an hour, from which it is evident that both drivers saw their danger, and that they were unable to prevent the collision. It is said that a fair was being held at Winchburgh, the scene of the accident. The horror and dismay which rapidly spread on all sides may be in some degree imagined. The news flew to Edinburgh, and soon a great crowd was collected at the Waverley Station, great numbers of people being anxious to learn if any of their friends had been killed or wounded. The number killed, as far as could be ascertained, was sixteen, but it is feared that many more deaths will occur. The number of wounded is supposed to be over a hundred, and the injuries of several are of a dangerous character. The first company of wounded was brought to the Waverley Station at ten o'clock on Monday evening, and the scene which then occurred is described as having been extremely painful and affecting. One old lady, who had survived the accident, was taken dead out of the carriage. Above the noise of the crowd the cries of the wounded were distinctly heard, and everywhere messengers were being sent off for medical men.

FATHER PANTALEO, Garibaldi's chaplain, who was arrested at Naples, has been set at liberty.

PRINCESS PIA'S MARRIAGE.—A Turin letter says:—"A singular incident occurred at Turin on the occasion of the Princess Pia's marriage. The clergy of the cathedral, which is the parish church of the palace, refused to celebrate the marriage in the church on the ground that it was to be effected by proxy. The clergy nevertheless presented for the royal signature an order for 20,000*l.* (£800), the usual fee for a royal marriage. The King, however, instead of affixing his signature to the order, drew his pen through it, and returned it to the Bishop of Biella, who vainly endeavoured to persuade his Majesty to change a decision, which he had taken because he considered the refusal to celebrate the marriage as an insult to himself."

Provincial News.

WARWICKSHIRE.—FATAL PIT ACCIDENT.—One of the most shocking accidents it has ever been our duty to record, has occurred. The facts are briefly as follow:—Messrs. Briscoe, aged fifty-five, and Samuel Meath, aged twenty-four, had been at work as usual in the "Iron Jack" stone-pit, belonging to Messrs. Matthews and Bond, Corbys Hall, Kingswinford, and they were being wound up at about three in the morning. When they got to within about three yards of the top of the shaft the rope broke, and the poor fellows were precipitated to the bottom of the pit, a distance of 120 yards. They were literally dashed to pieces, and death must of course have been instantaneous. Their mangled bodies were conveyed to the respective homes of their relatives. They were both married men, and they leave wives and families, who it need hardly be said are overwhelmed with grief at the dreadful calamity which has come upon them.

WILTSHIRE.—THE SMALL-POX AND THE WILTSHIRE FLOCKS.—Another week has passed without any fresh case of small-pox having manifested itself in this county. The excitement which prevailed a month ago is therefore subsiding, and flockmasters are beginning to feel assured that the danger which threatened them is well-nigh removed, and that—as we remarked last week—October, with its proverbially healthy weather, will see the extinction of the disease from the Downs of Wiltshire. But although the ravages of the disease have, by care and good management, aided by experience, been so far arrested, the visitation will not, we trust, be allowed to pass away without some lessons and some advantages being gained from it—and that in two ways; first by the investigation of the laws which govern the extension of various affections; and next, by a general appeal to Government to adopt more efficient measures than now exist to prevent not merely the re-introduction and spread of the small-pox, but of other diseases, almost equally fatal, which are directly traceable to the reckless importation of diseased foreign cattle at our different ports of disembarkation.—*Dwight's Gazette.*

CUMBERLAND.—CAPTURE OF A RUNAWAY HUSBAND AND £600.—An old gentleman named Joseph Storey, the proprietor of a large farm near Carlisle, took it into his head to run away from his wife and four children. To support himself during his rambles he placed the tidy sum of £600 in his pockets, and in order that he might not be debarred the pleasures of female society he managed to take one of his own domestics with him. So far so good! The wandering couple, desirous of getting out of England as soon as possible, naturally selected Liverpool as their port of egress. Meanwhile the poor deserted wife in Carlisle had not been idle in her hunt after the delinquent husband. A strong feeling urged her on, in company with a strong-minded female, to Liverpool, where she arrived safely. She sought advice at once from those most qualified to give it—the officials at the detective office. It was soon discovered that the stray "sheep" were penned up in the vicinity of Islington. One or two of the coffee-houses in the neighbourhood were visited, and in one of them were found old Storey and his Meg. On seeing his wife the old sinner nearly went into a fit, but a good drubbing from his wife and her female friend soon brought him to his senses, when he saw, to use his own words, the "painful position" he was in. Pledges of future good conduct, entreaties for mercy, appeals to his wife's tenderness, and earnest hopes for forgiveness, were of no avail, and he was forced to submit to the castigation so well merited. Meg, taking advantage of her "lover's" position, managed to escape with but one thwack from the strong-minded friend. A demand was next made upon Mr. Storey for the funds he took from home, but it was found that Meg had had charge of the cash, and Meg was nowhere to be found. Again a detective officer was procured; Meg was discovered; all the money—about £600—delivered up to Mrs. Storey, who left at once for Carlisle. The old gentleman, when last seen, was in a shocking state of bewilderment.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—CONVERSION OF TWO FASHIONABLE SWINDLERS.—At the Bath quarter sessions, before T. W. Saunders, Esq., recorder, two swindlers, named James Frile, thirty-seven, and Mary Ann Green-lade, twenty, who have been carrying on an extensive system of fraud in different parts of the kingdom, were indicted for conspiring to steal three gold watches and three gold chains, value £60, the property of Edwin Routley, at Bath, on the 22nd of August; also with conspiring to steal a silk dress and other articles value £17, the property of Messrs. Jolly and Son, of Milcom-street. It will be recollected that in August last the prisoners took lodgings at 9, Royal-cus, Bath, representing that they had just come from Scotland. Whilst occupying this fashionable habitation for a few days, they contrived to obtain goods from several of the principal tradesmen of the city. Amongst these was Mr. Routley, of Broad-street, upon whom the male prisoner called, and, after representing that he wished to make a present to his lady, he selected two gold watches and chains to be sent to the circus for her to choose from. He also selected a gold watch and chain for himself. Mr. Routley took up the watches himself, the same evening, when he saw the female prisoner, who, after looking at them, expressed her approval of the one "the captain" had selected for himself, but professed to be doubtful as to his choice of the one to be presented to herself. She therefore told Mr. Routley that, as "the captain" was out at dinner, if he would call in the morning he could have the money for the watches which might be selected. The articles were left, and the same evening the female prisoner quitted the house with a carpet-bag, containing the watches and other articles, which she procured the assistance of a workman, whom she casually met, to carry for her, until they came up to the male prisoner, who was leaning against the rails in the park, and who then took the bag. The prisoners walked to the railway station at Twerton, two miles from Bath, and started by train. Next day, Mr. Routley, finding the parties had left the Circus without any intimation of their intention to do so, became alarmed. The police were put upon the scent, and the day after their flight from Bath, the male prisoner was found in the act of pledging one of the watches at the shop of a pawnbroker in Bristol, where the female prisoner had previously pledged one of the chains. The jury found both "Guilty," and the Recorder sentenced the male prisoner to twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labour; and the female to six months. Mr. Hughes, the chief of police, was in possession of warrants to apprehend the prisoners and take them to Edinburgh, on charges of having obtained about £180 worth of property fraudulently in that city, had they been discharged at Bath.

VENICE.

Is a famous maritime city of Austria Italy, and, at the present time, one of the vexed Italian questions of annexation to the kingdom of Italy. It is built on a number of islands in the Adriatic, which are connected by numerous bridges; the canals intersect every part of the town, and form the water-streets of Venice.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.—The enclosed memorandum was found by William Morrison, tollkeeper at North Queensferry, in Canmore Bay. It was enclosed in a soda water bottle, tightly corked. After being dried at the fire, the following writing has been made out:—"The sloop Mary, of Newcastle, Captain Thompson, of Gateshead, with three seamen—James Brand, Hen. Suadden, John Sommerville—foundered near the coast of Norway, on its way to Bergen, June 24, 1862.—J. THOMPSON." On the other side:—"The flounder of this will please forward to Lloyds, London, and publish in the papers the occurrence, and God will reward you at last."—*Scoteman.*

FEARFUL ACCIDENT ON THE LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER RAILWAY.

On Monday night the mail train on this line, which leaves the Victoria Station at 8.0 a.m., met with an accident between Sittingbourne and Teynham Stations, and about a quarter of a mile from the latter place. It appears that the train in question passed through Sittingbourne at 9.29 p.m. without letting off steam, contrary to the custom with mail or express trains passing through the smaller stations, and when it reached a spot about two miles from Sittingbourne it ran off the metals, the engine tearing away part of the up line, then, apparently, bounding back to its own line and finally rushed across the line, the tender with it, barricading the road. The second class carriage, which was next the tender, was thrown off the rails, being completely detached from the tender, the other carriages being more or less upset. The engine-driver—named William Reed—was thrown out, and was found with the fire-box of the engine resting on his breast. The body was dreadfully mutilated, the poor fellow's right leg being broken below the knee, his scalp nearly torn off, and it is believed, his chest being broken in. The stoker, in a manner that seems miraculous, escaped with a contusion of the spine, and the scraping of the skin from the left hand. Five or six of the passengers received slight contusions, but beyond this, as far as could be gathered, we are happy to state nothing of a serious nature occurred. Drs. Roe and Fisher, of Sittingbourne, were speedily made aware of the catastrophe, and hastened to the scene. They had the persons who were injured sent on to Sittingbourne, one of the gentlemen (Dr. Roe) remaining to see the driver extricated. On information of the accident being received at Sittingbourne and Faversham junctions, gangs of workmen, porters, &c., were immediately despatched to the spot, being accompanied by the respective station-masters, Messrs. Barnard and Breeze. It would seem that a goods train was passing the mail train just before the accident, and in fact had cleared the down train by about three yards when the latter "jumped." Had the goods train being but half a minute later the loss of life would probably have been fearful. Fortunately, also, there was no embankment just there, or the train must inevitably have been cast down. The sight presented by the line at the place of the accident was most surprising. For nearly one hundred yards it was torn up, both up and down rails being forced from the sleepers as if but straw. Part of the funnel of the engine was embedded in the earth, the other part being thrown about ten yards further on, while the "dome" was precipitated about twenty yards on the other or down side of the line, and of course was much indented. The body of Reed was not extricated until after three hours' labour in raising the engine by the aid of "jacks," &c., and was then conveyed on a "trolley" to Sittingbourne.

ITALY, ROME, GARIBALDI, AND THE POPE.

ITALY is one of the most celebrated countries of Europe, the seat of the greatest empire of antiquity, and of art, science, and civilization, when the surrounding countries were immersed in barbarism,—for many years Italy has been divided and governed by different rulers, over a number of States; thus Naples and Sicily, lately wrested from the wretched despotism of the late king, by the successful rising of the people under the patriot Garibaldi; Sardinia, Lombardy, Venetia, the Papal States, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, &c., which must all, ere long, succumb to the voice of Italy and of Europe, and under Victor Emmanuel accomplish the hopes of Italians by becoming one vast and important kingdom, with Rome for its capital. Rome, of which a splendid view this week graces our pages, is a word that for many months has been in all men's mouths and ears, and which still promises to retain the field in politics for some time to come. According to tradition the followers of Romulus raised a few huts on the Palatine Hill some 752 years before the Christian era, and by so doing laid the foundation of a city which became the "mistress of the world." Rome attained the proudest celebrity amongst nations, and had, at one time, the riches of the world wafted into her lap by every breeze. Her very successes led to her downfall—her citizens became enervated. She, at last, succumbed to fate, and fell under the domination of marauders, who succeeded to the possession of all her power and glory.

Rome, as it now exists, and as it is represented in our sketch, occupies a triangular space, each side of which is nearly two miles long. The greater portion of the city lies low, about forty feet above the level of the sea, although only sixteen miles from P. The Tiber, where it enters Rome, is only twenty feet above the sea. The city is divided into fifty-four parishes and 300 churches—151 churches served by secular clergy; 120 churches served by regular clergy (monks); 61 monasteries and convents for men; and 50 monasteries and convents for women. It has 500 streets, 270 lanes, 140 palaces, 5,000 shops, and above 310 noblemen's houses, of which about sixty may be considered palaces. In our sketch we have indicated by numbers some of the most important places, and regret that we cannot find space for a special description of each of them.

Of the ancient Roman edifices, the Pantheon (see 8 and 18) remains nearly entire, "with only such touches of ruin as render them more awful and picturesque; yet the latter was for a time resorted to as a quarry out of which the material for some of the modern palaces were built. The Pantheon, whose portico has been described as shining imitatively on earth, is a circular building, about 150 feet in height, without windows, being lighted through an opening at the top.

The grand monument of the Roman world, the Colosseum, an amphitheatre, capable of accommodating 80,000 persons, is well described by Byron, in the moonlight scene in "Maufred," beginning with the words:—

"I do remember me that in my youth,
When I was wandering—upon such a night
I stood within the Colosseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome," &c.

The most superb of Rome's ecclesiastical edifices is St. Peter's (6). It is built entirely of marble, in the form of a cross, 730 feet in length and 520 in breadth. Its height from the pavement to the top of the cross which crowns the dome is 450 feet. The present building was commenced by the Popes Nicholas V and Julius II. "It was carried on," says one writer, "for one hundred years by eighteen pontiffs, all devoting to it a large portion of their treasure, and employing upon it the talents of Bramante, Michael Angelo, Bernini, and other artists, the greatest of their time."

The chief of the three pontifical palaces is the Vatican (5), which, simple in structure, covers a space of 1,200 feet in length by 1,000 in breadth, and is alleged to contain 11,000 apartments. Its library is particularly rich in manuscripts of all nations and ages.

Garibaldi's prevailing idea of transforming Rome from the seat of the Papal authority into the capital of united Italy—a nation numbering nearly thirty millions of people—will inevitably be realized, and that speedily. A potentate that depends upon the aid of foreign bayonets to prop up his throne is, indeed, in a sad and sorry plight. Not that we believe either Garibaldi or his followers entertain any hostile views in reference to the Pope—as relates to his spiritual authority—but they believe that his interference in temporal matters is not only incompatible with the proper discharge of priestly functions, but is a standing impediment towards the realization of Italian unity. Garibaldi has declared that he will never rest till he has proclaimed Rome the capital of Italy from the top of the Quirinal in that city. Any political convulsion in Europe—the death or dethronement of Louis Napoleon—would, in all probability, lead to the fulfilment of Garibaldi's aspirations. At present, the Pope's weakness, and Napoleon's fear of offending the French priesthood, are the chief guards of the Papal power. The Pope

ITALY AND THE ITALIANS.

when asked to grant reforms or abdicate some portion of his authority or land, whilst admitting his utter inability to protect either, refuses to make any concession, everlastingly replying to such overtures by the inevitable *non possumus* (impossible). The following amusing anecdote is related in reference to the Pope's favourite subterfuge. A priest, the other day, was endeavouring to drive a hard bargain with a Roman cabman. The former persisted in asking the latter to carry him at a reduced rate. The latter, wearied by the priest's exhortations, at last ironically exclaimed, "*Non possumus*," whereupon the irate churchman proceeded to the Papal office, and had the honest Jehu arrested.

Albeit the present Pope is not a personage of eminent ability, he is ably served by his prime minister, Cardinal Antonelli. And hence the reason why so many of the astute statesmen of France have signally failed to obtain such concessions from the Papal Government as would release Louis Napoleon from his present difficult position. Antonelli is unquestionably a political genius, one of those cold-blooded, calculating churchmen that make religion the stepping-stone of their own greatness. Had Garibaldi, however, once set foot in the States of the Church, at the head of his volunteers, it is very doubtful whether all Antonelli's cunning would have preserved them for his master.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

GIACOMO ANTONELLI, an Italian statesman and cardinal, President of the Council of Ministers of the Pontifical States, President of the Congregation of the Church of St. Paul, President of the Apostolical Palaces, was born at Sonnino, near Terracina, on the 2nd of April, 1806. He is descended from an ancient family, which, in its alternatives of grandeur and decay, has counted among its members jurists, consultants, historians, and highwaymen. One of his relations was condemned to death and executed during the French Empire and at the time of the French occupation, his father was a woodcutter. Antonelli went at an early age to Rome, where his studies were both solid and brilliant. After having taken orders, he attracted the attention of Gregory XVI. He succeeded in becoming one of the Pope's chief favourites, who perceived, or thought he perceived, in him a rare organization, destined him to become a notable man, and to occupy an eminent rank in the Church. Gregory raised him to the prelate, then appointed him assessor in the Superior Criminal Tribunal, then delegate at Orrieto, Viterbo, and Macerata. In 1841, Antonelli became Under-Secretary of State in the



CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Ministry of the Interior; in 1844 Second Treasurer, and the following year Grand Treasurer of the two Apostolical Treasuries, or Minister of Finance in the place of Tosti. Pius IX conferred on him the cardinal's hat on June 12, 1847.

At this time Antonelli was distinguished by his liberal opinions, which recommended him to the favour of the new Pope. The flexibility of his character, his energy disguised under extreme affability, gave him soon an ascendancy over the Pontiff, which became a real—a despotic domination.

Cardinal Antonelli became, after the dissolution of the Cabinets of Gizzi, Ferretti, and Bofonti, President of a Liberal Ministry, composed of nine members, only three of whom were ecclesiastics. He was for a season immensely popular, when, in spite of the hesitating disposition of the Pope, he flattered the National party by bringing into the field an army of 17,000 men, intending to do battle with the Austrians in the Legations, for the help of Lombardy. But already he found himself in a false position, for it was not easy to be a strict and honoured cardinal and a popular minister. But with marvellous adroitness he escaped from this false position by retiring from the Ministry. Alarmed at the ominous character of the Revolution, and compelled to fulfil the promises of a constitution rejected by all the higher clergy, Antonelli broke for ever with the liberal principles which he had professed.

Though ceasing to be the public minister of the Pope, Cardinal Antonelli remained, nevertheless, the Pope's most intimate friend, and the sovereign director of his political conduct.

When Rossi, the Pope's minister, was assassinated, it was Antonelli who advised and directed the flight of the Pope, whom he accompanied to Gaeta, in November, 1848. He was appointed Secretary of State to the mushroom Court of Gaeta, the shadow of that at Rome.

After the capitulation of Rome, he counselled the Pope to be extremely delicate in his relations with the French, and not to hasten his return to Rome. It was to Cardinal Antonelli that the Romans ascribed the first repressive measures which caused so much alarm at Rome, and the Romans deplored that they were more under the power of the red Pope, that is to say, of Cardinal Antonelli. The manifesto of the Pope to the Italians was regarded as Cardinal Antonelli's production. When Pius IX consented to return to Rome on the 12th of April, 1850, he appointed his faithful servant, Antonelli, Minister for Foreign Affairs, or Premier. The cardinal, who has ever since contrived to keep himself in this high position, has displayed every year more and more his counter-revolutionary zeal.



VIEW IN VENICE. (See page 19.)

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

JOHN, Count of Mastai Ferretti, known under the name of Pope Pius the Ninth, was born at Sinigaglia on the 13th of May, 1782. He was, in 1815, on the point of entering into the army; but his health hindered him from embracing the military profession. He therefore entered on the ecclesiastical career. After studying in the College of Volterra, he was ordained priest. He was sent as a missionary to Chili in 1823. Returning in 1825, he was appointed canon, and entrusted with the direction of the Apostolic Hospital of St. Michael. Pope Leo XII rewarded his zeal by naming him, in 1827, Archbishop of Spoleto. Gregory XVI appointed him Archbishop of Imola in 1832, and cardinal in 1840. His reputation of charity and of a conciliating character attracted attention to him, when, in June, 1846, a successor had to be chosen to Gregory XV, and Cardinal Ferretti's election to the Papal throne, with the title of Pius IX, gave general satisfaction.

The new Pope set to work immediately to popularise himself, by favouring the hopes and wishes of his people; and the enthusiasm not only of the Romans, but of the whole Italian people, was raised to the highest pitch. The disgraceful proscriptions and imprisonments of the previous reign afforded him a graceful opportunity of inaugurating the new era by an act of mercy and justice. An amnesty was proclaimed for all political offenders, with very trifling exceptions, and was supposed to have restored about 3,000 of noble and respectable citizens to their families and friends. A great many offices to which formerly churchmen only were eligible were at once thrown open to the laity. The freedom of the press and the public administration of justice were conceded, and various other reforms were proposed, in spite of the remonstrances of the Austrian ambassadors, and every possible opposition on the part of the Sacred College.

For a considerable time the name of Pius resounded over Europe, and was hailed with



POPE PIUS IX.

enthusiasm by every friend of liberty. But the French Revolution of 1848 took place, and gave a new direction to the enthusiasm, not only of the Italian patriots, but of the friends of liberal institutions all over Europe, awakening a demand, not for administrative reforms alone, but for popular systems of representative government. These sweeping changes the Pope was not prepared to concede, and from that moment his popularity began to wane. A policy of reaction was attempted, which only tended to widen the breach, and to increase the agitation for these organic changes. The heart of all Italy was set on expelling the Austrians. Pius IX. would probably not have been sorry to see them depart, could he have been assured of the safety of his chair. He even went so far as to countenance the formation of a Roman legion of volunteers, to which he appointed Gavazzi chaplain; at least these things were done in his name. But it is certain that he shrunk from the decisive step, and recalled the troops before they had encountered the common enemy. At length he took for his minister Count Rossi, one of the most aristocratic and unpopular men in Rome. When Rossi was placed at the head of the Ministry, the fury of the people could with difficulty be kept from breaking out into open violence. On the 15th of November he went to open the Chamber of Deputies, and his proud and haughty spirit urged him to brave with gesture and expression the hatred and hostility of the assembled multitude. The result was soon seen. Though surrounded by a strong military escort, a tumult took place at the door of the Chamber, and in a moment Count Rossi fell by the hand of an assassin, who escaped. Next morning an immense multitude took up arms, marched to the Pontifical Palace, and demanded a change of Ministry and various organic reforms. The Pope temporised, but the day of hesitation was gone by; war had begun, and whoever was not for Italy was against her; the people insisted on an immediate and definite answer, which was refused. The Pope had made his election;



GRAND SALOON OF THE MUSEUM AT VENICE. (See page 28.)

he loved the temporal power of the Apostolic chair more than he loved his country. A collision took place between the people and the Swiss Guards, who were on duty, and after a short but severe contest the people were victorious. Rome was now in a state of the greatest excitement: the popular forces filled the street, but no one thought of harming the Pontiff. In the midst of these scenes the diplomatic corps arrived to offer their services to the Pope. He received them with his usual calm and courtesy. However, the ignorant and hasty Swiss closed the doors, and fired from the windows, wounding five or six persons. A rumour was at the same time disseminated through the crowd that a prelate had been seen with two pistols in his hands, and that he had fired at the people: their excitement and anger redoubled. It was then that M. Martinez de la Rosa, offered, in the name of old Catholic Spain, and of his sovereign, to place a vessel at the Pope's orders, and to give him an asylum in Spain. The ambassador of the French republic also said: "I have not received any instructions to that effect, but I do not fear to be disavowed if I offer to the Holy Father my assistance to protect him and secure his withdrawal." However outside Cicero vacchio was calming down the popular frenzy; the few troops on whom Pius IX. thought he could reckon to support him against the nation fraternized with the assailants; the Transteverini did not stir. Several times the Pope wished to satisfy himself if some persons remained faithful to his cause, either in the troops or in the population, but he found none. "You see," said the Pope to the ambassadors, "all is impossible." A list of a new Ministry was then presented to the Pope; "I cannot sign that," he said; "it is against my conscience." Meanwhile the crowd augmented, the danger increased, and at last, about seven o'clock, the signature was given. Rome was then illuminated, and the people went through the streets crying out, "The Sovereign has given us the republic." The Pope now handed to the foreign diplomatic body the following protest:—"I am, gentlemen, a prisoner. They have taken away my guards, and I am surrounded by other persons. My conduct at this moment, when all support fails me, is based on the principle of avoiding the effusion of all fraternal blood. I make all yield to this principle: but know, gentlemen, and let all Europe and all the world know likewise, that I do not take, even nominally, any part in the acts of the new Government, to which I consider myself as altogether a stranger. I have, however, desired that my name should not be abused, and I wish that they would not even employ the ordinary formalities." After these events, the Pope remained a prisoner in his palace, under the charge of the Civic Guard, but uniformly declined sanctioning any act of the Government, which was still conducted in his name. On the 24th of November Pius escaped from the Quirinal in the disguise of a footman of the Bavarian minister, and arrived safely next day at Gaeta, the first town in the Neapolitan territory, whither he was followed by the diplomatic corps. On the 27th he sent to Rome an ordonnance, declaring void all the acts of the Government, and superseding it by a state commission. This manifesto the Roman Chambers treated with contempt, appointed a Provisional Government, and set about improving the important victory which they had achieved. The Pope remained long at Gaeta, an object of sympathy as the head of the Catholic Church with his own spiritual adherents, and of pity with all liberal men, that he had lost the golden opportunity of raising the name of Pius IX. to a greater height than churchmen had ever yet attained as a friend to the progression of mankind. His subsequent declarations have proved that Pius IX. was never more than an administrative reformer. He had no confidence either in his people or in himself. For eighteen months after his flight from Rome he lived at the royal palace of Portici, about four miles from Naples. On the 4th of April, 1850, he left Portici, escorted by Neapolitan and French dragoons, and accompanied by the King of Naples, and several members of his family. He crossed the frontier at Terracina on the 6th, and entered Rome on the 12th amidst the thunder of French cannon.

The Court.

Shortly after the 10th of November the Queen will arrive at Windsor Castle, where her Majesty will remain until after the expiration of the twelve months from the death of the Prince-Consort, and will probably spend the Christmas at the Castle.—*Court Journal*.

The mortal remains of the Princess Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha were deposited in the family mausoleum at Coburg. The procession moved from the Roman Catholic church in which the funeral service had been previously performed at eleven o'clock. At the mausoleum it was met by the Prince of Wales, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel; and his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, attended by Captain Lucadon. Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey, the Hon. Sir C. Phipps, K.C.B., and Lieutenant-Colonel Da Plat, were likewise present by command of her Majesty the Queen.

Their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Prussia and the Prince of Wales have left Coburg for Nuremberg; thence the Prince of Wales will pay a visit to Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, and he will afterwards rejoin the Prince and Princess at Ulm, and then with them proceed on a tour in Switzerland and on the coasts of the Mediterranean.

Prince Leopold is quite recovered from his late illness.

RECRUITING FOR THE FEDERAL ARMY.

A New York letter has the following:—"That the Irish, who have hitherto done so much of the fighting, and taken so large a share of Mr. Chase's 'green-backs' in the form of bounty money, would not continue to be so well disposed to the war, when it began to degenerate into one for the elevation of negroes to the same social rank as the natives of Erin, and especially when the prospects of a massacre of white men by the black loomed largely in the bloody future of the republic, was generally anticipated. The results have not belied the expectation either in New England or elsewhere, and if the events of the next three or four weeks do not show the fact in a stronger and more remarkable light, all that can be said is that present appearances are utterly deceptive. There is at least one Irishman, with a touch of the national humour about him, who is of opinion that any man who incites others to fight should himself, if sound of wind and limb, and of the fighting age, take a hand in the struggle. His name is Fitzgerald, and he is a recruiting sergeant in the Corcoran Legion. Meeting the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in the street, and knowing how vigorously that gentleman blew the war trumpet from the pulpit, he waved the 'star spangled banner' over his head, told him he was a recruiting officer in want of sturdy, able-bodied men, such as he, and asked if he would take the bounty-money and enlist. Mr. Beecher was highly indignant at the outrage, and replied, 'No, you ought to know, sir, I do not want to enlist. You are a scoundrel for asking me to do so.' With logic peculiarly Hibernian, Sergeant Fitzgerald contends in print that by this behaviour the Rev. Mr. Beecher 'insulted the flag, and discouraged enlistments.' He holds, moreover, that such language was unbecoming in a preacher of the Gospel and an American citizen, and calls upon the Government to have him closely watched, with a view to his incarceration. Mr. Beecher had on the previous day proclaimed from his pulpit, amid the applause of his audience (for he encourages both laughter and applause at the 'points' and 'hits' of his sermons), that the constitution of the United States was an 'antiquated parchment of no value,' and that he did not desire the restoration of the Union as it was, 'because such a Union was a monstrous outrage on the rights of man.'"

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NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.	L. B.
18	S.	St. Luke	9 25	10 5
19	S.	18th Sunday after Trinity	10 40	11 15
20	M.	11 45
21	T.	0 10	0 30
22	W.	0 10	1 10
23	T.	1 30	1 50
24	F.	2 10	2 30

MOON'S CHANGES.—23—Last quarter, 7.37 p.m.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

Morning. Evening.
19.—Ezekiel 20; Luke 5. 19.—Ezekiel 24; Galatians 5.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A POOR WINDOW.—The girl being of a sufficient age and ability to maintain herself if willing to work, the mother is no longer legally liable to maintain her.
HOUSEKEEPER.—A person having sent for a doctor to attend his servant, can compel her to defray the expense, after she has left her situation.
A MANUFACTURER.—The 59 Geo. 3, cap. 41, imposing duties on hawkers of goods, does not extend to hinder the maker of any home manufacture from exposing his goods for sale in any market or fair, and in every city, borough, town corporate, and market town, but the exemption has been held not to extend to mere villages or hamlets.
AN AGED PARENT.—You can buy at any respectable stationer's a printed form of a will. If a person dies without making a will, his personal property is divided among his children, if any, or goes to the next of kin.
A FARMER.—As the occupier of the field, you are entitled to shoot, or otherwise destroy, any hare or rabbit you may find therein, without rendering yourself liable to the duty for a game certificate.
A SMOKER.—Tobacco was first imported into England in 1586.
AN APPRENTICE.—If the master have neglected to enrol the indenture for the period of one year in the City Chamberlain's Office, the apprentice being a City one, is at liberty to sue out his discharge.
A SEPARATING MAN.—There is no truth in the statement that when a man is drowned at sea he is nine days at the bottom, and when risen to the surface always floats with the face downwards—or that a woman, after lying nine days at the bottom, floats with her face upwards. It is a fantastic tradition.
A BACHELOR.—A man marrying a woman with children is absolved from his liability for their maintenance on the death of the mother of such children, whatever may be their age.
DOMESTIC.—The white puddings so much admired at the International Exhibition are made with "Malzona," a new corn flour lately introduced into this country. Messrs. Huntley and Palmer use it largely in the manufacture of their biscuits.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

THE last time that the King of Prussia engrossed a large share of public attention was when, just after his coronation, he impressed upon deputation after deputation the heavenly origin of his kingly power. His claims only called forth a few pleasant exclamations, for indeed controversy on such a subject is altogether out of date, and no sensible people would quarrel about the source of any authority which advanced their welfare. His Majesty is once more before the public, but this time as a denouncer of European treaties, calling vehemently upon his subjects for armies with which to carve new dominions out of German territory. On Monday he sent his minister to prorogue the parliamentary session, announcing that he should spend that portion of the money which he had demanded, but which the Chamber had not voted, against the expenditure of which it had strongly protested, just as he would that portion which had been granted to him in legal form. This uncompromising enemy of "the Revolution" thus shows himself a revolutionist of the most dangerous class, giving an example, in the very highest place, of disregard of institutions, and contempt for the law. This foolish man is destined to see trouble, M. de Bismark, his favourite councillor, is the professed admirer, as his master is the imitator, of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. When William I was at Fontainebleau it was commonly supposed that all his skill would be required in defence of German interests, and Europe pleased itself with imagining how the insidious suggestions of the host were foiled by the simple honesty of the guest. But it seems that his Majesty was able to do more than to protect himself and his country. He had leisure to observe the arts of government, and to profit by what he saw, in France. He saw how the irresistible demand of peoples in this age for representative institutions may be complied with while all real power is nevertheless concentrated in the hands of the chief of the State. To find out how to harmonize the autocracy of Frederick II with the constitution which the goodness of Frederick William IV had conceded was a discovery almost beyond the hopes of the royal traveller. M. de Bismark remained behind, to perfect himself by the lessons of the great teacher. It is said that when the telegraphic message which conveyed to this minister the offer of the Presidency of the King's

Council was delivered, he was closeted with Napoleon. The minister, it is related, handed the telegram to the Emperor, with the wistful inquiry, "Shall I?" To which the response was, "There is but one man who can save Prussia." To save by his example and advice as many States as possible from that constitutional liberty which would prove fatal to his own system, is a desire very natural to Napoleon III. It is greatly to be regretted that to the many misfortunes which European communities can directly trace to the influence of action of the Second Empire should be added the alienation of the Prussian people from their King. No ruler ever ascended the throne under fairer auspices. The people only asked permission to believe that the old system of distrust was at an end, in order to surround the throne with proofs of their devotedness. With characteristic generosity they forgot some very questionable antecedents, and implicitly believed, upon some vague professions of the Prince, that the era of that constitutional liberty which had been promised forty years before as the reward of heroic sacrifices was really about to begin. It is little that they ask. In fact, they are only too timid. So far from desiring, as some foolishly allege, to transfer the effective direction of affairs from the ministers to the parliament, and reduce the King to a chief magistrate, they only seek to put some parliamentary control upon the administration of the army, an institution which as at present constituted and governed is in radical and offensive hostility to the liberties of the nation.

COMMODORE Wilkes, who last October stopped the mail steamer Trent and seized the Confederate commissioners, has recently been appointed to the command of a Federal squadron, the chief cruising ground of which will be the Bahama Channel, and as the *Age* says, "Herald expects the commodore 'to tread again on John Bull's heels,'" we may as well turn to the recent statement of the effective force of the Federal navy and compare it with our own. The opportune appearance and serviceable performances of the Monitor brought her architect, Mr. Ericsson, into natural favour, and, after the engagement in Hampton Roads with the Merrimack, orders were given for the construction of nine new vessels of the Monitor class, to be built with such improvements as the experience of the original specimen might suggest. These new ships will exceed the first model by about 25 feet in length and four in breadth, but they will still be only 200 feet long and 45 feet wide, so that there is nothing extravagant in their proportions. In their armour, however, and their armaments we come upon some features truly startling. The sides of these vessels are to be protected by nearly three feet of solid timber plated with five inches of iron; in other words, the wood work would be twice the thickness of that in the Warrior target, and the thickness of iron scarcely less. The plates, however, are to be applied, not in a solid mass, but in layers each one inch thick, so that the depth of the armour casing can be graduated at will. From the centre of the vessel rises the turret for the carriage of the guns, which forms the distinctive characteristic of the Monitor class. In the new ships this turret is to be twenty-three feet in diameter and nine in height, its shell being constructed of inch plates in layers to the number of eleven or perhaps thirteen. Two guns, and two only, but of 15-inch bore each, will be mounted in the turret of the armament of the vessel, these guns being of the Dahlgren pattern, to which the Americans still appear to cling. Such, in design, are the nine new turret vessels of the Federal. Our own naval architects will be able to forecast the capabilities of the forthcoming squadron when we add that the burden of each vessel is to be 1,685 tons, the cost £80,000, and the "presumed" rate of speed "high." The actual power of the engines is not stated. Since the contracts, however, were undertaken, Mr. Ericsson has made astonishing advances on his original conception, and two vessels are now in progress under his directions which leave even the new Monitors far behind. The larger of these, to be called the Dictator, will be 350 feet in length, with about 50 feet beam. Her "vertical sides" will, we are told, be protected by iron plating 10½ inches thick, backed by four feet of solid oak. The iron of the turrets will be 24 inches thick, and proof against a 425-pounder loaded with a maximum charge of powder. We cannot exactly state the tonnage nor the engine power of the Dictator, but she is expected to steam 19 miles an hour. How far these extraordinary anticipations are likely to be realised is another of the questions which we must leave to the practical calculators of our own establishments. After Mr. Ericsson comes Mr. Webb, who is engaged to build "one of the most extraordinary iron-clads in the world." The vessel is to be essentially a ram, though she will carry two revolving turrets mounted with two heavy guns each. She will be 7,000 tons burden, and 5,000 horse-power, 360 feet in length and 78 in breadth. Not one of these inventions has yet been tried, though the first of the improved Monitors is by this time, perhaps, ready for service. It seems a natural conclusion that the Americans have gone on magnifying their projects on paper without sufficient inquiry into the practical results. Knowing, as we do by actual experience, how much time and how many trials are required before even the resisting power of a single specimen of iron can be accurately ascertained, we cannot but feel suspicious about the reality of a success to be achieved apparently without experiment or cost. Still this conclusion should not be too hastily accepted. We believe that at the present moment our Admiralty is engaged on the designs of Mr. Reed in the construction of a vessel which is expected, with a fifth of the Warrior's tonnage, to carry the full thickness of the Warrior's armour, and to solve the problem of an effective iron-clad ship which shall be neither immoderately large nor immoderately expensive. Possibly, therefore, the Americans may have made some progress in a similar direction, but on this point we shall soon be informed. As yet we need certainly not suppose ourselves beaten even by this revival of an old American audacity, and if it should really prove that they can again give us lessons we need not be ashamed to learn.

A COAL PIT ON FIRE.—For nearly a week the Highbrook Colliery, near Wigan, has been on fire, and it is certain that great destruction of property will be the result. When the fire broke out the men succeeded in escaping themselves, but they were compelled to leave a number of ponies behind, and to block up the two entrances to the pit in order to quell the conflagration. This, it is supposed, has already been done, but the pit will remain closed for a week or two longer.

General News.

THE *Salisbury Journal* states that the sheep disease is disappearing from the flocks on the Wiltshire downs.

A little comedy by Schiller, the very existence of which had been carefully concealed by its owner—hitherto unpublished—has come to light, and is in the hands of his surviving daughter, with a view to its being given to the public.

THE Archdeacon of Durham and Warden of Durham University, Charles Thorpe, D.D., died at Ryton, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. Dr. Thorpe, besides holding "a golden stall" in Durham Cathedral for many years, with other ecclesiastical appointments, was rector of Ryton—a living worth £956 a-year.

In a dispatch from Augsburg, dated Oct. 10, it is stated that the ex-Queen Marie of Naples has just been escorted to the Ursuline convent by her brother, Prince Louis; this retreat having been chosen by her avowedly with a view to a renunciation of the world. The motive for this step is said to be a quarrel with her husband Francis II., but strong doubt is thrown upon its validity, as being in opposition to the rule of the Catholic Church, which does not allow a married woman to become a nun without the consent of her husband.

"It is believed," says the *Army and Navy Gazette*, "that Lord Lyons, who is expected to return to Washington in the course of this month, will be placed in a position to define the course and views of her Majesty's Government without any uncertainties or doubts in view of the various phases which the contest in North America may assume; and that the Ministry will have arrived at positive conclusions, and have determined their policy in reference to the affairs of the United States, before his lordship returns to his post. The views of Russia are, it is believed, assimilated to those which the march of events and the inexorable logic of accomplished facts place broadly and clearly before the Government of the Queen and that of his imperial Majesty."

The new church at St. George's, Shropshire, in memory of the late Duke of Sutherland, was consecrated by the Bishop of Lichfield. The church is built to seat a congregation of about 900 people, and forms a very handsome edifice. On the south side in a niche is fixed a tablet, bearing the following inscription: "In memory of George Granville Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, K.G., second Duke and twentieth Earl of Sutherland, born 8th August, 1786, died 28th February, 1861, this church was built by voluntary contributions in the year 1862."

A coroner's inquest held on a boy shot at Swansea by a volunteer, the jury returned the following verdict:—"The jury find that Rees Griffiths was accidentally shot on Saturday, the 4th of October, and that no blame is to be imputed to the person who fired the shot. The jury desire respectfully and unanimously to urge on officers commanding corps within this liberty that efficient measures should be taken to prevent persons of tender years from acting as marksmen at the butts, and that clear rules should be drawn up and enforced to prevent, as far as is practicable, such melancholy accidents in future." Volunteer officers in general would do well to attend to this recommendation.

THE London correspondent of a leading Parisian journal has a ridiculous tale about a young lady who served comestibles behind M. Veillard's counter. A baronet one day called for a bottle of champagne—drank it, left his purse behind. It contained a good deal of money, and a season ticket. "Meess" returned it to him; but he retained only the ticket, and made her a present of the purse and its contents. The next day, "the baronet came for another bottle of champagne, and again left his purse; and he continued the same strange procedure for several months. At length came a day when he did not leave his purse: the young lady asked him why, and he thereupon made a proposal of marriage. She is now Lady—. In this singular manner do English baronets make love."

The mayor of Bradford, following the example of the Lord Mayor of London, has refused to convene a public meeting for the purpose of expressing sympathy with Garibaldi, and protesting against the French occupation of Rome.

At Bombay, a public meeting has been held, under the presidency of the governor, in aid of the Lancashire Relief Fund. 15,000*l.* was subscribed on the spot.

On Sunday morning, a young woman named Brooks was walking with a young man down the gangway leading to St. Paul's Steamboat-wharf; when there, some altercation ensued. The female, after ejaculating something which could not be correctly understood, plunged head foremost into the river. Her male companion jumped in with the hopes of saving the poor creature, but without effect. The man himself had a narrow escape, and at first it was doubtful whether he could recover from the effects of the submersion.

On Sunday, two gentlemen residing in Liverpool, Messrs. Campbell and Baker, went out from Holylake in one of their own boats for a cruise. A gust of wind arising, the boat was capsized, and though both gentlemen attempted to swim to shore, they were prevented by the heavy sea which was running at the time, and perished. A boatman who was with them had a narrow escape, and was only saved by the timely assistance of the Holylake life-boat.

The people of Kerry are good customers to the attorneys. At the Killarney Quarter Sessions there were 517 civil bill cases, of which 163 were defended.

THE *Siecle* relates the following instance of intolerant bigotry in France:—"A Protestant child having lately died in the commune of Lirac (Gard), a deacon, delegated by the Presbyteral Council of the Church of Uzès, went to the mayor, who appeared to consent to the legitimate request which was made to him for a respectable place for the burial of the child in the cemetery of the commune. The cure refused even to allow the corpse to enter the ground; the mayor applied to the sub-prefect of Uzès, who replied that the cemetery was in the hands of the mayor, and that it was for him to have the law duly executed. The mayor then declared that the gates of the cemetery should be opened, but that the cursed child must be buried in the corner reserved for persons executed. Three days having elapsed in the negotiations the parents of the innocent child were obliged to accept the decision, and inter the body in a place branded with reprobation. The Consistory of Uzès has fulfilled its duty by addressing to the sub-prefect of the arrondissement a protest against a fact so evidently contrary to the principle of the equality of all citizens in the eye of the law, to freedom of religious opinions, and that separation between the spiritual and the temporal without which no liberty can exist."

On Saturday morning, shortly after three o'clock, the extensive premises at Trowbridge in the occupation of Messrs. Goldsmith and Haywood, cloth manufacturers, and better known as Salter's factory, was discovered to be on fire. The discovery was made by a man employed at an adjacent factory, and almost as soon as the alarm was given the whole building seemed to be in one mass of flames. The engines from the various factories were promptly brought out, and every endeavour was made to confine the fire to the premises in which it originated. This, however, proved to be impossible, as before the flames could be checked they had extended to some adjoining cottages, which were destroyed. It was found necessary to despatch a messenger to Bath to procure the assistance of the powerful engine of the West of England office. The origin of the fire is at present unknown. We are sorry to add that the calamity will throw about a thousand persons out of employment. The factory is insured for 6,000*l.*

SUICIDE OF A SERVANT-GIRL THROUGH LOVE.

ON Monday evening, Dr. Lankester held an inquest concerning the death of a young woman named Mary Martin, aged twenty-two years, who was found dead in one of the Highgate ponds under the following somewhat extraordinary circumstances:—Anne Hill, of Alpha-terrace, Kilburn, was examined, and stated that deceased was her sister, and had been living with her for nine months previously to her death. She left her home at six o'clock on the previous Thursday evening, after which witness never saw her alive again. She had been in the habit of leaving home at night when a policeman with whom she was in love was on night duty. When he was on day duty the deceased never went out at night. The policeman and deceased quarrelled sometimes. Witness did not charge the policeman with having thrown her sister into the pond where she was found. Michael Maddigan, a labourer, said he was going to his work at Hampstead on Saturday morning. On passing near one of the ponds in the direction of Highgate, he heard two or three loud screams. He looked and saw some person in the water. He gave the alarm to another man, and to a police-constable. When he heard the screams he saw no one near the pond. It was nearly seven o'clock when he heard the screams. Police-constable 518 stated that he was on duty at Highgate at seven o'clock on Saturday morning. In consequence of information received from last witness he and some other constables went to one of the Highgate ponds, and after dragging it for about an hour and a half they recovered the body of Mary Martin. There were the footmarks of a woman at the water's edge, but there were no indications of a struggle. The centre of the pond in which the body was found is about twenty feet deep, and the body lay at a distance of sixty feet from the shore. There was a woman's mantle lying on the bank. Police-constable William George Bundy, 138 S, was the next witness. He stated that he had been acquainted with the deceased. He saw her during the greater part of the previous Thursday night and the greater part of Friday night last. It was ten minutes after six o'clock on Saturday morning when she parted with him. She did not then threaten to make away with herself, but he had often heard her threaten to do so, and she had often asked him to kill her. She wanted him to marry her, and he would have done so had she conducted herself properly. He had never approved her coming after him at night. He had taken her home when she did so. She had attempted to destroy herself four times before within the last eighteen months. The last of those attempts took place about four months ago, and at the same pond as that in which she was found on Saturday. She asked him some time on the Friday night for the loan of a sovereign to buy clothes. He refused, but stated that he would give her one if she procured a situation and showed an inclination to earn her bread. She became so excited sometimes that she lost herself. He thought that was because she had been a long time out of employment. She had been a servant. When he refused her the sovereign, she did not threaten to destroy herself. She said she would buy clothes and get a situation if he lent it to her, and he now thought she would have done so. He had rescued her from drowning on two occasions, and he thought she supposed him to be near her when she threw herself into the pond on Saturday. He parted with her at the end of the Aland-road, Kentish-town, a considerable distance from the pond. Mr. W. D. Saul, one of the medical officers of St. Pancras workhouse, proved that the deceased had died from drowning. There were no wounds on her person, except a slight abrasion on the cheek, which might have been caused by a fall or by the face having been rubbed against the bottom of the pond. This was the whole of the evidence. The jury found that the deceased had committed suicide while in an unsound state of mind.

ALARMING STATE OF GARIBALDI'S HEALTH.

A Turin letter, dated Oct. 11, has the following:—"We have somewhat disquieting news respecting the wound of the prisoner of Varignano. For more than a week the bulletins issued by Dr. Ripari and his colleagues, and printed in the *Turin Diritto* and the *Movimento* of Genoa, became every day less reassuring. The one bearing date of the 9th, spoke of 'stationary swelling—tolerable quantity of matter; diminution of pain at the foot; manifestation of the same at the right knee and left hand; a midding night.' On the same day Dr. Ripari summoned Dr. Zanetti, of Florence, to a consultation, which was also attended by Dr. Tommassi and Professor Gherini, of Milan. The result of this learned meeting was a report on the present state of the general's wound, of which the following is the conclusion:—"From the general course of the illness and from all our foregoing observations we think we may anticipate a favourable success, notwithstanding the degree of anchilosis which may manifest itself; but we are still of opinion that the wound is serious; 1, because the important articulation of the foot with the leg is open, and the internal ankle is fractured; 2, because the presence of the bullet is not disproved; 3, on account of the arthritic disposition of the sufferer; all circumstances which might give rise to morbid complications of such a nature as to prolong or even to aggravate the complaint. As to the cure, we deem it expedient to persevere in the treatment hitherto followed."

"The bulletin of the 10th says, 'a tranquil night; the local pain and swelling diminished.' From all I hear from private sources there is little doubt that matters are even somewhat worse than the doctors are willing to let out. Garibaldi is more than fifty-four years old. He has lived for many years in hot, enervating climates, where human life wears out at a rapid rate, and as far as hard-labour by flood and field can try a human frame he has not at any time spared himself. Truly, his sober and abstemious habits, and regular mode of living, greatly befriended him; but those who have followed him in his late expeditions know the many hours of rest he required by day as well as by night; and, on the other hand, prolonged inactivity seldom failed to bring on those arthritic or gouty attacks which caused him excruciating pain, and nailed him to his bed or arm-chair for weeks at a time. I have heard professional men, in short, who think that the recent amnesty will be in so far unavailing for him, that it will not be possible to remove him from the Varignano for six months to come, while even the most sanguine agree that for more than a month it would be the height of imprudence to attempt to lift him from his present posture."

GARIBALDIAN SOLDIERS CONDEMNED TO BE SHOT.

THE court-martial on five of the Garibaldian soldiers, who were made prisoners at Aspromonte, and who deserted from their regiments, was commenced on the 21st ult. The charges against them were desertion and treason in bearing arms against the State. The court was composed of six captains of infantry, artillery, and engineers; Colonel Cavallini being president. He accused were defended, in an eloquent speech, by Gatti de Farsano, an officer, but they were condemned to be shot. They will appeal, it is supposed, to the royal clemency.

MR. W. F. WINDHAM has been at Norwich since his liberation from the tender mercies of Mr. Dayman. On Saturday evening he was at the Norwich (Thorpe) terminus of the Great Eastern Railway, "larking" with the cabmen, and screaming in his peculiar fashion, "Cheer, boys, cheer!" He has a great bunkering after railway stations, omnibuses, &c.; and the other evening he was so obstreperous that it was found necessary to order him off the platform at Norwich.

DANGER OF JESTING ON BUSINESS MATTERS.

A letter from Prague, of the 5th, mentions a curious affair which proves that jesting in matters of business may sometimes cost dear. About a fortnight ago a hop-dealer of the neighbourhood entered the counting-house of a large merchant of Prague, with whom he had had commercial relations. The latter asked him how business was going on, when he replied, "I am doing so little that I am almost inclined to enter your service as clerk."—"What salary should you require?" asked the merchant. "Only two thousand florins (£160) a year," replied the other, laughing. The merchant shook hands with him, saying, "Then it is a bargain." After a little further conversation the hop-dealer retired, and neither one nor the other appeared to think anything more of the matter. Six days after a considerable rise began to take place in hops, and the merchant went to Saaz, the largest market in Bohemia, to make purchases, and to his annoyance, found that the dealer had got the start of him, and purchased all he could find. Meeting the dealer in the street, the merchant asked him what hops he had purchased, and the price. "That is my affair," was the reply. "What do you mean by your affair? You forgot, then, that you are my clerk, and that I have a right to inquire what business you transact on my account. You are free to cancel your engagement hereafter, but for the present you act for me." The dealer went to consult an advocate, who told him that his engagement was valid, and that in any case a trial would be a tedious affair. He then went to the merchant, and after a long discussion agreed to pay four thousand florins (£320) damages for cancelling his engagement in order to retain for his own account the profitable speculation he had made. When the money had been paid the Prague merchant declared that he would not keep a farthing of it, and distributed it among some poor relations of the dealer.

IRELAND.

THE *Tyrrone Constitution* reports a case of conspiracy to murder a landlord at Aughnacloy, in a proverbially peaceful district. One of the conspirators, it appears, has "peached," and the following is his story:—"Three men, named McKenna, with a butcher, named McKusker, and Corbett, a publican, agreed to murder Mr. Johnstone, McKenna's landlord, in consequence of some alleged grievance. They employed a person named Kelly to do the deed, paying £1, and promising £20, when the job was finished, to enable him "to outrun justice." Not wishing, it seems, on second thoughts, to engage in that perilous chase, Kelly gave information against the parties, and they have been all arrested."

On Friday morning week, at two o'clock, a respectably-dressed woman was found drunk and disorderly in the streets of Cork, using language highly unbecoming her sex. She had returned with her husband from Australia a week before, with £700 or £800. The first night after their arrival in the "dear old country" they were hospitably entertained in Bridewell, for being drunk. The woman said in her defence that her husband had been beating her at the time, and she "hallowed out." This was untrue, as the husband was not near her at the time. She was fined 5*s.* This precious couple left their only child behind them in Australia.

THE HYDE PARK MEETING.

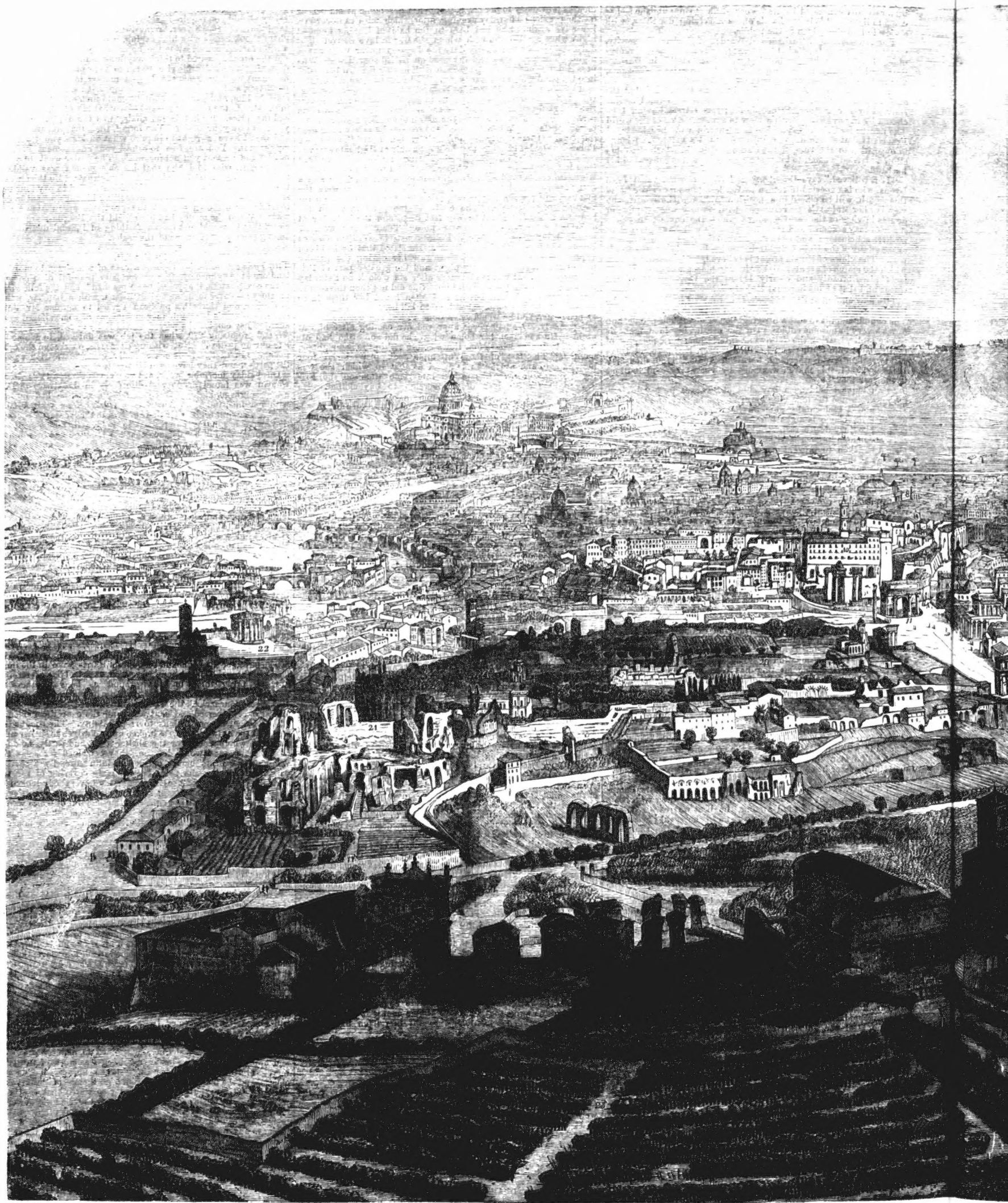
THE violent storms of rain on Sunday afternoon acted more effectively than almost any body of police could have done in preventing a meeting, and, therefore, a riot, in Hyde-park. A police notice had been posted everywhere, warning the public that no meeting of any kind would be allowed, but, nevertheless, small groups of idlers began to collect on the scene of the previous Sunday's disturbance. At first these were all apparently very respectable persons, members of the large and foolish class who on these occasions of anticipated disturbance come to look on and see what is doing. Yet, strange as it may appear to these people, it is nevertheless true that even their being on the spot is, to a certain extent, aiding and abetting the purposes of intending rioters, who derive encouragement from the mere presence of respectable people, and find half their game done to a hand by a crowd of this kind. A few police, probably not more than thirty or forty, were on the ground in twos and threes, and about a dozen superintendents and inspectors of various divisions. A very strong body of police, numbering nearly 800 men, under the command of Captain Harris, were in the immediate neighbourhood, but none were seen, as it had been determined not to bring them on the ground as long as there was no disposition either to hold a meeting or make a disturbance. Just before four o'clock the rain set in with drenching vehemence, and at once dispersed and sent away all those of the lookers-on who had the least pretensions to respectability. The rougher elements of the crowd, too, were broken up and driven to shelter under the trees, where, partly for the shelter itself, and partly, no doubt, to see what next would happen, they remained for some time watching the misty clouds of rain huddling drearily across the park, and making the thin, brown, leafy covering of the trees thinner with every gust. Everything and everybody looked wet and miserable, and the groups under shelter soon grew smaller and smaller by degrees, till, at last, even the handful of police were in a majority, and the scene of the intended demonstration had no more people on its surface than the Serpentine, and for much the same reason.

DISTURBING THE DEAD.

THE Court of Cassation of Paris has just heard an appeal from a judgment of the Imperial Court of Orleans, given under the following circumstances:—

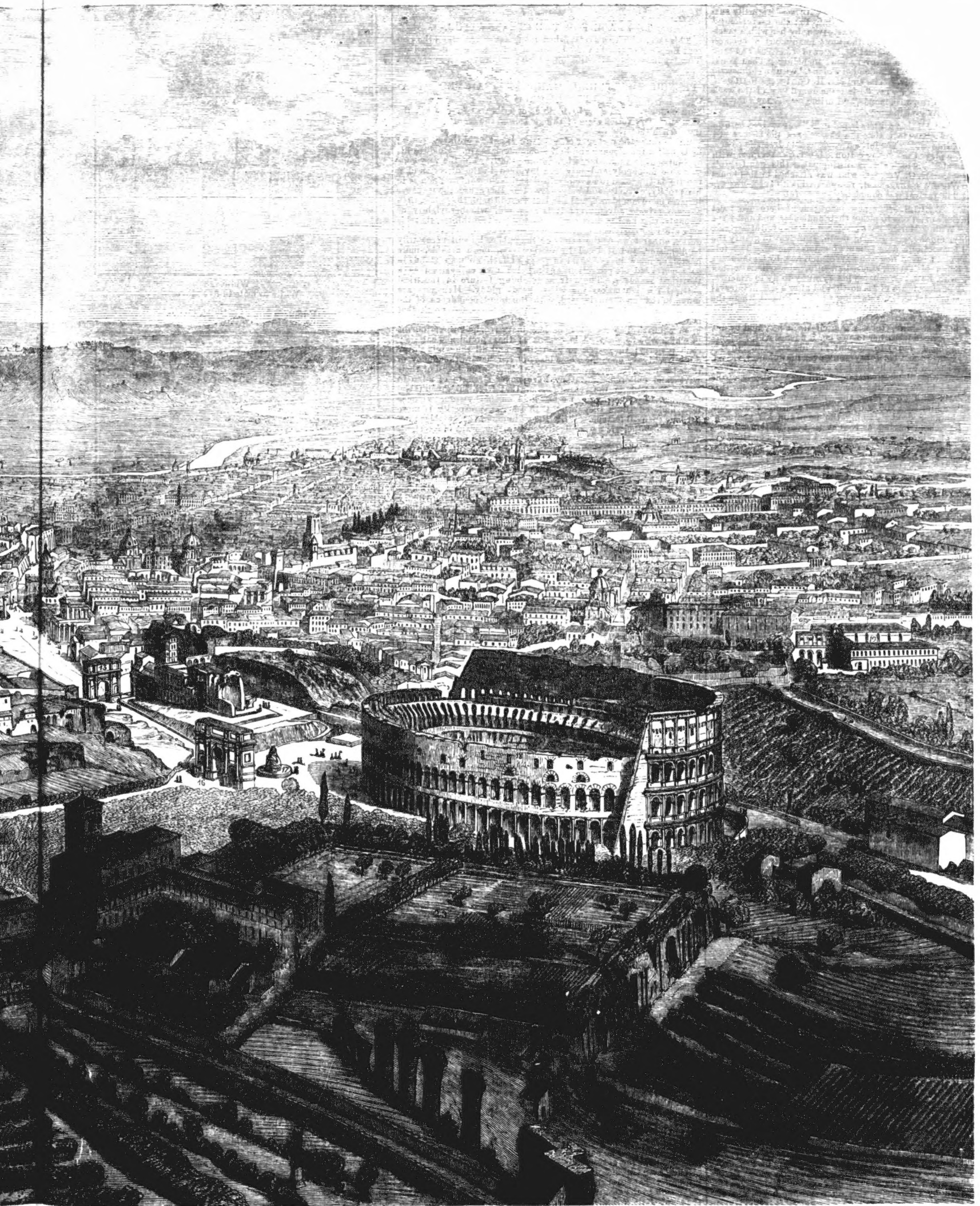
"In 1838 Madame and Mademoiselle de Castro died at Menars (Loir-et-Cher), and were buried in leaden coffins in the cemetery of that commune, but without any purchase of the ground having been made by their relatives. In 1850 the Mayor of Menars wrote to M. de Castro, then in Portugal, requesting to know whether he wished to purchase the ground where his wife and daughter were interred. M. de Castro replied that he intended to have their remains conveyed to the Island of Terceira, where he resided, and that he should come to France in the following year to fetch them, and would then pay all expenses arising from the delay. M. de Castro, however, did not fulfil his promise, and two other letters addressed to him, the last in 1855, remained unanswered. The ground where Madame and Mademoiselle de Castro were buried had already been reserected twice, while that occupied by others near them had been resumed, when in September last M. Chapuy, the deputy-mayor, after taking the advice of a chef-de-bureau at the prefecture of Loir-et-Cher, determined to disinter the bodies and apply the leaden coffins in repairing the cross of the cemetery. The coffins were accordingly taken up, forced open with chisels, and the bodies, which were in a good state of preservation, thrown back into the grave. It was also stated that the bodies were indecently unshrouded, to see whether they had any jewellery on them. The lead of the coffins was employed as proposed. This proceeding caused no little excitement in the country, and M. Chapuy was prosecuted, with the permission of the Council of State, on a charge of violation of sepulture. He was acquitted by the police tribunal of Blois, and that decision, when appealed against by the public prosecutor, was confirmed by the Imperial court of Orleans. The procureur-imperial of the court of Orleans now appealed to the Court of Cassation, which has quashed both the preceding judgments on the ground of misinterpretation of the law, which, while authorizing municipal authorities to resume unpurchased ground after five years, does not confer the right of exhuming bodies and opening coffins found closed, as such exhumation is only legal under other conditions, and for other reasons than the mere resumption of the ground by the municipal authorities. The court has further ordered a new trial before the Imperial court of Angers."

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ROME, THE FUTURE CA



1. The Gate and Square of the People. 2. Fincian Hill and Promenade. 3. The French Academy. 4. Hadrian's Mausoleum. 5. The Vatican. 6. St. Peter's. 7. Naxos-square. 8. The Pantheon. 9. Quirinal Mount. 10. Constantinian Arch. 11. Fountain. 12. The Colosseum. 13. Mount Esquilina. 14. Mount Palatine and Gardens. 15. Ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. 16. Temple of Vesta. 17. Arch of the T

URB CAPITAL OF THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.



Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—Balfé's "Bohemian Girl" was revived here on Monday. A crowded house, and the hearty applause bestowed on the performance, testified to the popularity of this old-established opera. Middle Parea was the *Ar ne*—originally sustained, it will be recalled, by Miss Fainforth; the evergreen "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" was given by her with a precision and effect that drew down the most unanimous of encores. Mr. Harrison resumed his original character of *Thaddeus*, and sang the music so well-known to every one, including "Then you'll Remember Me," and the "Fair Land of Poland," with an enthusiasm that was irresistible. Mr. Weiss and Mr. H. Corri were the *Count* and *Gipsy Girl*. The operas during the remainder of the week have been "The Crown Diamonds," "Lurline," "The Merchant's Daughter," and the "Lily of Killarney."

OLYMPIC.—"All that glitters is not gold," was revived here on Monday. Miss K. Savile taking the character of the factory girl *M. rtha G. bbs*, into which she infused considerable dramatic power. Mr. H. Neville played the young cotton spinner, *Stephen Plum*, with that care and ability which always distinguishes this gentleman's impersonations. Mr. G. Vincent, who was attached to this house during Mr. Wigan's management, re-appeared with success as *Sir A. Lassell*. The revival was completely successful.

SADDLER'S WELLS.—The new management here are most energetic in their exertions to please their audiences, and under the title of the "Willow Marsh" have produced a drama full of intrigue, improbability, murder, and sudden death, sufficient to gratify the most ardent lover of this description of entertainment. The following is the plot:—*Jean Roux*, an adventurer, has, by his influence during the Reign of Terror, secured an enforced marriage with a noble lady, who, however, escapes his tyranny to fly to America, where she soon after hears of his death, and after a decent interval of widowhood marries again, returning again to France, where the story is laid, only when the children of her second marriage have become themselves of marriageable age. At this point, *van Roux* discovering his first wife, thrusts himself upon her, and by his threats of exposure induces her to use her influence with her husband (the *Marquis de Foi*) to appoint him his steward. In this position he exerts a most baleful tyranny over his unhappy victim, but being overheard by the husband, is chastised for his insolence. The *Marquis* at once determines to procure an annulment of the first union, and to buy off the adventurer. Proceeding for that purpose to Paris with *Jean Roux*, the villain attempts to murder him by casting him into the willow marsh, and, after firing on him, leaves him for dead. Joining the family of his victim at Paris, the household having arrived at that destination without any evidence of migration in the drama, he resolves on the bold scheme of forcing himself on the family and the world, as the gentleman he has so unceremoniously deprived of life. The son of that nobleman, naturally opposing such an enforced paternity, resents the attempt, and a duel ensues, in which *Jean Roux* is wounded. As a matter of course he lives long enough to be afflicted by the re-appearance of the *Marquis*, who has been rescued from the marsh by some peasants, and to die properly impotent. Mr. Forrester, as the graceless *Jean Roux*, played with an icy audacity, which gave an air of fiendish and Machiavellian malignity to the part. Miss Miles, as the *Marchioness de Foi*; Mr. E. F. Edgar, as *F. gene*, the son of the *Marquis*, as well as Mr. Johnstone, as the father, sustained their parts very creditably. The drama was followed by a duologue, called "The Double our ship; or, Before and After Luncheon," in which Miss Lucette and Mr. Morton Price sustain parts.—Mr. Morton Price as a new version of *Lord Dunsyre*, Miss Lucette as a modern fast belle—to resume their natural characters, and become duly enamoured of each other. Miss Lucette sang some songs very prettily.

PRINCETON.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keen concluded their engagement here on Thursday. On Friday Mr. Phelps sustained the character of *Sir Pertinax Maccopant*, in "The Man of the World," for the benefit of Mr. H. Barnett, the acting manager.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The first concert of the fifth season took place on Monday at St. James's Hall. The programme was a good one so far as it went, but there was not a sufficient variety. The masterly performances of Herr Joachim proved a very prominent feature in the list of attractions. Miss Banks and Miss Lacelles were the vocalists.

MR. HAMILTON BRAHAM, accompanied by Miss Dyer and Mr. Bowler, &c., has given a series of operatic performances at Jersey, lately, with much success.

MR. GEORGE HODS has closed a successful season at Ryde, Isle of Wight.

MISS M. MARSHALL has returned to England from America, and will re-appear on the stage of her old successes at the Strand.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL have been performing to crowded audiences at Norwich.

MR. HERMAN VESIN has been playing a round of Shaksperian characters with success at Southampton.

MR. JAMES ELLIS, in connexion with Mr. Horatio Hunt, has taken the refreshment department of the International Bazaar, opposite the Exhibition; to which establishment we cordially recommend visitors to pay a visit. Mr. Ellis's able catering at Cremorne, previous to his visit to Australia, is alone a recommendation.

The International Exhibition.

On Saturday the Exhibition had run to the same length as its predecessor in 1851, and that day corresponded in date with the closing of the first Great Exhibition. At the first Exhibition the total number of visits paid during the 141 days on which it was open to the public was 6,039,195. The grand total of the 141 days of the present Exhibition has been 5,306,126, being 733,069 less than the former one. With the days that the building has yet to be open, it is hoped that the 6,000,000 of 1851 will be at least equalled. The twelve subsequent days of grace for the sale of goods in November will also swell the general receipts, and though, perhaps, not to any very important extent, yet sufficient to do a great deal, if the deficiency is not anticipated to be more than 25,000. It is still, therefore, quite possible that with the aid brought to the commissioners' exchequer by the grand closing ceremony at which the Prince of Wales is to preside, they yet may be able to face the guarantors with a small balance in hand.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S CASH-BOX.—The *German Journal of Frankfurt* states that during the last stay of the King of Prussia at Baden his Majesty's cash-box was stolen in the room which Chancellor Beck occupied on the ground floor of the hotel. The fact was discovered by a footman, who, on returning home, saw the window of the room open, and gave the alarm. As it became apparent that the thief could not have left the hotel, a strict search was made throughout the establishment, and the box was at length found in the garden under a bush. The thief had evidently tried hard to break it open, but had not succeeded for want of proper tools, with which a professional thief is generally provided. The perpetrator of the robbery has not yet been discovered.

Sporting.

RACING FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

Gloucester 21 | Newmarket II . . . 27

THE RACE FOR THE CESAREWITCH.

This race, which was established many years ago, when the present Emperor of Russia visited Newmarket races, was decided on Tuesday in favour of Hartington, whose portrait is given in page 28.

FRENCH THEATRICAL MANAGERS PAINTED BY A FRENCH CRITIC.

THE eminent critic, M. Fiorentino, describes as follows, in the *France*, a very rotten state of things behind the scenes of some of the French theatres:—

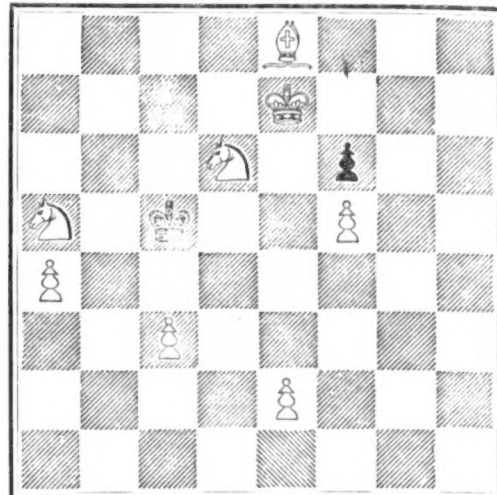
"In France the manager of a theatre is not an ordinary trader; he is half a functionary and half a commercial man. He owes his appointment to a minister, who, before granting him the very considerable monopoly and privilege involved in the direction of a theatre, is supposed to have obtained satisfactory information as to his probity, capacity, and solvency. For this cause the manager inspires more confidence, and has better credit with the public, than a mere private adventurer; it is supposed, whether rightly or wrongly, that he has given hostages for trustworthiness, that his acts are rigorously controlled, and that if he should violate his duties, either towards the actors or the public, he will necessarily be dismissed, and replaced by another man more capable, more honest, or more lucky. And in point of fact, no man stands in so much need of protection against his own enthusiasm as a theatrical manager. There is a gambling feature in theatrical enterprise which makes the wisest heads giddy. Managers are prone to risk on a single card, with the blind confidence of the gambler, not only the last farthing they possess, but much that is not theirs. They deceive themselves; they make calculations upon chimerical successes—upon imaginary receipts, three-fourths of which will be absorbed in expenses; they promise what they can't perform; they seek to gain time, and all the while throw down recklessly upon the same black or red hazard the money of their partners, their creditors and their friends—the bread of their wives and children. But they have never strength of mind to leave off playing; the seductions of that frightful green table, theatrical management, keep a fast hold on their victim. If once in a hundred times they meet with success, prosperity is more perilous than ill fortune. With the rashness of the gambler they contract his other vices—prodigality, dissipation, want of foresight. When they make a hit we see the managers furnishing their house in the style of the Renaissance, and driving their mistresses to the Bois de Boulogne in splendid equipages, never reflecting that the money which they squander is not theirs, but belongs to the actors, the carpenters, the scene painters, and clerks of the theatre. How often have I seen managers on the eve of a catastrophe splashing the passers-by with mud from the wheels of their dashing tilbury or phaeton, while their chorus singers and ballet girls were without a dinner, besieging with tears an empty treasury, or receiving something 'on account' of arrears of salary at ten sous (5d.) a day. It was with a view of putting a stop to such scandals that the Minister of State ordered the managers to furnish him every month with a balance-sheet of their accounts. This is a good measure, but has it been strictly carried out? or is it only a warning? One very simple way of eluding the minister's decree is not to open the theatre at all. Another device is to put off pay-day to the 5th or the 10th, from the 10th to the 15th or 20th, and so gradually to gain nearly a month. It is most desirable that the minister's authority should be respected in the matter, and that an edict meant to ensure regular payment for a very large body of hard-working people who live, if living it can be called, upon the most slender and uncertain of means, should not have been issued in vain. But some may say actors have no need of special and administrative protection, they have the common law. Let them bring an action against their manager, seize his goods, and if necessary arrest him. They who talk in this way know nothing whatever of theatres, managers, or actors. If a manufacturer or a shopkeeper does not pay his workmen or clerks, the latter leaves the service and there is an end of the matter. But the actor is in a peculiar situation. He cannot decline his work; he must rehearse and play every piece which his name is set down for. How many actors can find either time or money to go to law? How are they to run about after bailiffs and advocates when they are tied from morning to evening to the same chain, and often up to midnight, or even (at times) two or three in the morning? But assuming that the poor player does find means to launch his writ; suppose that he perseveres to the end of the law's delays, and after hearings and rehearsals, references, and inquiries, obtains at length final judgment. He is entitled to execution. But what is he to execute upon? The manager's furniture? It is in another name. The receipts of the theatre? They are either *nil*, or in the hands of creditors. There is an instance of fifteen bailiffs being seen one evening laying siege to a cash-box which contained only thirty francs (£1 5s.). They carried off two francs apiece. If the actor should be reduced to the painful extremity of arresting his manager for the salary owing, the latter has only to keep out of the way for a while—he takes care not to go out till after sunset, and that's all. Formerly the presence of the manager at the theatre was an indispensable condition to the continuance of his privilege. But now a manager gets himself represented by an official assignee, and governs his dominions like a little *Tiberius* from his court at Caprea. Even if he stay in town he does not run much danger. Of course, we do not mean to say that bumbailiffs are otherwise than incorruptible, but they are remarkably fond of the play. A friend of mine, an actor, who being out of patience, withdrew his papers from a bailiff, in whose hands they had remained fruitlessly for a very long time, found among them a brief note thus worded:—'My dear sir, you may reckon upon the box you asked me for. —Your devoted, X.' Now, the 'dear sir' ought to have arrested the 'devoted' director; but there was a thick fog that night, and he did not see him. The public has no idea of the despotic power of the manager over the actor."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SLAVE PROCLAMATION.—Should the war continue in its present shape until the 1st of January next, the number of slaves which will on that day be virtually emancipated, under the proclamation of the President, will be as follows:—Alabama, 435,132; Arkansas, 111,104; Florida, 61,753; Georgia, 462,232; Louisiana, 333,010; Mississippi, 436,696; North Carolina, 331,081; South Carolina, 402,541; Tennessee, 275,784; Texas, 180,682; Eastern Virginia, 375,000; total, according to census of 1860, 3,405,015. The natural increase will probably make the aggregate at the present time about 3,500,000.

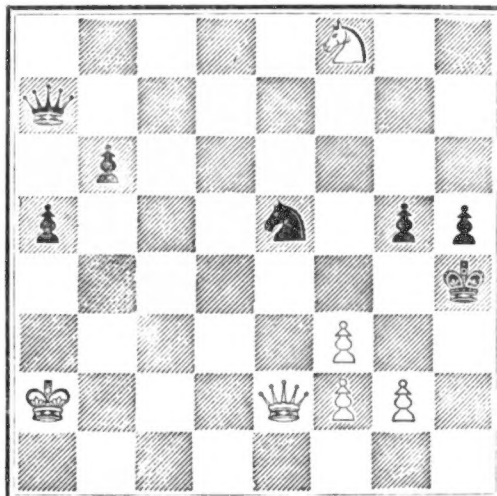
The *Dover Chronicle* states that at the recent revision of the registration for that borough the revising barrister admitted a ticket-of-leave man to the elective rights of free men, notwithstanding that the man's father admitted he was under penal servitude. Whatever, says the *Chronicle*, may be the merits or the demerits of the convict system, it never entered, that we are aware, into the heads of the most sanguine philanthropists to invest criminals undergoing their sentence with the privileges of citizenship. Concede this, and we expect by-and-by to have criminal jurors, mayors, magistrates, and members of parliament.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 63.—By AN AMATEUR. Black.

White.
White to mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 64.—By M. CALVE. Black.

White.
White to mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 57.

1. Kt to B 3 (dis ch)
2. Kt to K 6 (ch)
3. Q to K 5 (ch)
4. Kt mates

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 58.

1. Q to Q 6 (ch)
2. Q o Q B 6
3. R to Q 8
4. Mates accordingly

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 59.

1. R to K square
2. B covers (ch)
3. B to K B 6
4. Mates accordingly

PROBLEM No. 60.

We have been requested by several learners to withhold the solution of this problem until next week.

A SCHOOLBOY.—The "A B C of Chess" is just the work you require. Apply to Mr. Dixon, 27, Gracechurch-street, London.

C. W. K. (Kew Green).—The gentleman to whom you allude is, perhaps, the strongest amateur chess player in the kingdom, and we regret very much that he did not compete in the International Chess Tourney.

D. P. F.—If, in your problem No. 3, Black play 4 Kt to Q 4, where then is the mate?

Solution of Problems 54, 55, 56, 57, and 58 by J. Donovan, F. Wells, C. W. B. (Kew Green), Amateur, J. F. W. Seward, A. Johnston, C. F. Phillips, Cantab, Amanuensis, Beta W. Lyons, A. Howell, W. Joyce, G. Foster, Rustic, G. Lawson, F. D. P., Beginner (except Problem No. 60), G. Firman, A. J., Caisse Amicus, W. Clifton, T. Pilcher, A. Betts, W. Brookes, C. Leone, J. Coleby, R. W. Bradley, and A Student—correct.

On Saturday, as the parliamentary train by the London and North Western Railway from London was on its way to Manchester, it had a narrow escape from destruction at Longsight. The train was due at Manchester at 5.35 p.m., and as it approached Longsight soon after five o'clock, the driver saw approaching him a train from Manchester, on the same line of rails. He was slackening speed to stop at Longsight, but found it necessary to reverse his engine and put on breaks to avoid a collision, so imminent seemed the danger. The driver of the other train did the same, and fortunately both trains were stopped; but the two engines had approached within a yard of each other before this could be effectually accomplished. The train from Manchester was an engine and two empty cattle trucks, and the driver appears to have been running up the wrong line to the Longsight depot, for coke, notwithstanding every effort to stop him as he passed the Ardwick station. The train from London had fortunately been detained at Stocport four minutes beyond its time, to have extra carriage put on, or in all probability it would have met the other train between Longsight and Ardwick, when both were at high speed, and the loss of life might have been great, as there were fourteen carriages nearly full of passengers in the parliamentary train. The conduct of the driver of the cattle train, who is said to be from Holyhead, will, no doubt, undergo inquiry, as the rules of the company are severe against driving on the wrong line under any circumstances.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

BOW STREET.

ROBBERY AT BOW STREET.—John Joseph Parker, described as a grocer's assistant, was charged before Mr. Henry, with attempting to murder his brother, Matthew Parker, by discharging a pistol at him. Matthew Parker, who was at 57, Museum-street, I have no profession. I live on my own private means. The prisoner is my brother. He is a grocer's shopman at present out of employment. This morning, about half-past eleven o'clock, I was in George-street, St. Giles's—I had been collecting my rents—when the prisoner came up from behind me, and, without saying a word, discharged a pistol in my face. I started for a moment, turned round, and then, thinking he might fire again, I ran up George-street into Great Russell-street. Mr. Henry: Was the pistol loaded? Witness: Yes, I had some of the shots extracted afterwards. I ran away without either of us saying a word. He followed me, and as I turned into Great Russell-street, I saw him drawing another pistol from his pocket. I then called to the people to stop him, as I continued to run on. I ran as far as Armoury-street. Some of the people stopped him, and took the pistol from him. I gave him into custody. I went to the hospital, where two or three shots were taken from my face. He was only a few feet from me when he fired. The prisoner did not put any question to his brother, but observed, "I have frequently asked him to assist me, being in great distress." Peter She, herd, of Hamilton-street, Camden-town, pianoforte manufacturer, confirmed the evidence of the prosecutor. The prisoner: I deny that I pointed the second pistol at my brother. I was stopped too soon for that. John Head, police-constable E 89: About half-past eleven this morning I was on duty in Tottenham-court-road, and saw a crowd in Hanway-street, where I found the prisoner in custody of a private constable on duty there. The latter told me he was charged with assaulting somebody. He did not state the nature of the assault. I did not know that it was firing at his brother with a pistol. The prisoner said, "All right, policeman, I will go with you." On the way to the station the prisoner said, "He has done me out of some money, and my wife and child are starving." At the station-house he searched him, and found on him a pistol, which I now produce. It was unloaded, and had an exploded cap on the nipple. It had apparently been recently discharged. I also found on him 3d. in money, but nothing else. Mr. Samuel Jones, ex-convict, surgeon at the University College Hospital: I was in attendance this morning when the prosecutor was brought to the hospital. I found about seven or eight small circular wounds, about the size of a pea, scattered over his face, especially the forehead and the right cheek. Except two they were mere abrasions of the skin. From each of the two spoken of I extracted a shot, buried underneath the skin. I delivered the two shots to Inspector Hume, and they were just like the two which he produces. In reply to the charge the prisoner said: I have been in very great distress and destitution, and in very bad health. I have frequently applied to my brother to assist me, and he has promised to do so, but has never kept his promise. He made promises before my father on his death-bed. The prosecutor said there was no truth in this statement. Mr. Henry: I do not interrupt him because a prisoner may say anything. But there is really no occasion to answer it. It is not material to this charge. (To the prisoner): You are committed for trial for shooting at your brother with intent to murder. An application was made for the delivery to the prisoner's wife of the sum of 3d. found on the prisoner by the officer. Mr. Henry ordered it to be given to her.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

A "GARIBALDIAN" IN THE HAYMARKET.—John Hull, a respectable-looking young man, was charged before Mr. Knox with creating a disturbance in the Haymarket, and causing a large crowd to assemble. From the evidence of Sergeant Jester, 4 C, it appeared that a little after two o'clock in the morning he saw a large crowd in St. James's-market, Haymarket, and heard the prisoner calling out "Hurrah for Garibaldi!" up with Garibaldi! down with the Pope!" This was responded to by others in the crowd with the cry "Hurrah for the Pope!" As the crowd was increasing in numbers, and fearing a collision, the prisoner having been drinking, he took him into custody, having requested him to leave, but without success. Prisoner said he went into the Haymarket because it was raining for the purpose of shelter. Mr. Knox: You there for shelter, and then tell people your sentiments. Have you any particular feeling with Garibaldi? Prisoner: Oh, no, not at all. Mr. Knox: I will, young man, give you two pieces of advice. Keep out of the Haymarket at two in the morning, for if you do not you will only find yourself among thieves and prostitutes, and other bad characters. The second piece of advice is, do not trouble yourself about Garibaldi or the Pope. You are discharged.

WHOLESALE FRUITS ON GUN-MAKERS.—Chambers Lorraine Moore, the person who refused his name and address on the previous examination, was brought up for final examination, charged with obtaining from various gun-makers a number of valuable fowling-pieces in the names of different noblemen. The two cases brought forward last week, one for obtaining a gun in the name of the Duke of Cumberland, the other for attempting to obtain a gun in the name of Lord Salisbury, were completed, and the prisoner was fully committed on both. It appeared that the prisoner brought a letter to Mr. Purday, purporting to be written by Lord Sondes, and requesting a gun to be sent to his residence, in Grosvenor-square. The gun was sent, and on the same evening the prisoner went to Grosvenor-square and presented a document, purporting to be signed by Mr. Holroyd, the secretary of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and requiring the gun to be delivered to the bearer. The gun was given to the prisoner. Mrs. Webster said she kept the house in Grosvenor-square during the absence of the family from town. The prisoner was the person to whom she delivered the gun. The letter subscribed with the name of "Sondes" was not in his lordship's handwriting. Another witness, clerk in the service of the London and Chatham Railway Company, said the order signed "Holroyd" was not in the secretary's handwriting. The prisoner had formerly been a clerk in the secretary's office. Arthur Sanders proved that the gun had been sold to Mr. Whistler in the Strand. The prisoner was also fully committed on this charge.

CLERKENWELL.

COMMITTEE OF AN AUSTRIAN-ITALIAN JEW TO PRISON.—A robust-looking fellow, about 25 years of age, who gave the name of George Glover, and described himself as a cormorant, residing at 4, Greville-street, St. Andrew's, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with being drunk and disorderly, and assaulting Mr. Edward Edwards, of 79, Dean-street, Soho, architect; Mrs. Fenn, of Dean-street, Fetter-lane; Police-constable David Latt, 144 E, and Police-constable William Roker, 81 G, in the execution of their duty. Mr. Edwards said he was passing through Portico-lane on Monday, when he saw the prisoner, who was drunk, leading a horse. A lady complained that the horse in rearing had injured her. Without any provocation the prisoner came up and struck him on the nose. It did not hurt him much, as it was a smart blow. He afterwards saw the prisoner strike two ladies violently on the back. He gave the prisoner into custody, and saw him very much ill-use the constables. He had travelled a great deal in foreign countries, and was surprised to find that respectable persons passing did not help the police, but incited the prisoner to strike and kick them. Police-constable William Roker, 81 G, said as the previous witness was speaking to him he saw the prisoner pass. He had only proceeded a short distance when he called out, "Down with Garibaldi!" and struck a lady in the back. Before he could get to him he struck a lady who was carrying two infants violently in the back twice. He took him into custody, and the prisoner was so violent that it took six constables to take him to the station. On the way there he said he would show them how he had served the Garibaldians, and kicked him in the leg. The kick was given with such force that it took the skin off one side of his knee. The prisoner had before been charged at this court with assaults on the police, and with disorderly conduct. Mrs. Fenn said that she was passing through Gray's-inn-lane, when the prisoner, who was behind her, struck her twice violently on the back. She had twins in her arms and they were very much shocked, and had both been badly hurt. The blows were given with such force that she nearly fainted and fell. She now felt pain. The prisoner said he did not remember anything about the matter, as he was worse for liquor at the time. Mr. D'Eyncourt said it was very evident that the prisoner was a very low, riotous fellow. He was very much surprised to hear that decently-dressed persons should not have interfered to protect the police instead of inciting the prisoner to assault them. The prisoner had committed four assaults. He should deal with him for two. For the assault on the female he should send the prisoner, without the option of a fine, for a month to the House of Correction. There could be no doubt that the prisoner was a most ruinful fellow, and for the assault on the first constable he should further send him to the House of Correction for a month.

HIGHWAY ROBBERIES WITH VIOLENCE.—COMMITTAL.—John Crawley, a shoeblack, who gave his address in the Borough; and Christopher Ford, a hawker, of Agar-town, were charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with assaulting and robbing a gentleman in Argyl-square, St. Pancras, under the following circumstances:—The prisoners form part of a notorious gang of thieves, that come from North-place, a narrow turning that runs between Argyl square and Cromer-street, St. Pancras. It has for years been the resort of the greater part of the thieves and prostitutes that are brought to this court, and although frequent complaints have been made by the

magistrates and the respectable inhabitants adjacent, no steps have been taken to abate the nuisance. In this case the prosecutor, a clerk, was passing through Argyl-square at about nine o'clock at night, when he saw the two prisoners and a gang of other young fellows—about twenty years of age—coming towards him. He stepped into the road to avoid them; but had hardly done so before the gang also got into the road. Not wishing to come into contact with them, he again returned to the pavement, but was followed, and almost immediately he was surrounded—his hat knocked off, and he was most severely mistreated. He held his watch tightly, and called for assistance, but before any came his pockets had been turned out and his pocket-handkerchief stolen. A police-constable of the E Division, who had been following the gang, was almost immediately on the spot, and succeeded in taking the prisoners into custody, and on one of them found the prosecutor's property. On the way to the station the prisoners were violent, and made several desperate attempts to escape from custody. The gang also did what they could to effect their companions' liberation, and on passing the end of North-place called out most loudly, "Rous, Rous," a slang term for the thieves to know that some one was in custody whom they wished to be rescued. Both the constable and the complainant were pelted and struck with stones and mud, and had it not been for assistance there could be no doubt but that the prisoners would have got away. The prisoners said they did not wish to make any questions, but would stand on their heads, and pleaded guilty, hoping the magistrate would look at the case with a merciful eye, and not send them before the judge at the sessions. Mr. D'Eyncourt said he should do all he could to put a stop to these robberies, and he should fully commit the prisoners to the Middlesex Sessions for trial.

THAMES.

REFUSING TO REALISE.—Sarah Vickery, a woman of the town, about 27 years of age, who has been frequently in custody for various offences, was brought before Mr. Selfe, charged with stealing £8, the moneys of a black man named Daniel Bush. The prosecutor, a sailor, at 17, at the Sailors' Home, well-street, was dressed in a black suit and looked very much unlike a mariner. He conducted himself in a strange manner in the witness-box, and commenced his evidence with his back to the magistrate. On being requested to turn round, he stopped, covered his face with his hands, sobbed aloud, and exclaimed, "My money is gone, and she will not realise me. He was described by the magistrate as a man who was himself, but to give his evidence, and after wiping away the tears which trickled down his sable countenance, he said he had racked all his money away in different pockets—a bank-note in one, three sovereigns in another, and 10s. in silver in a third. He met with the prisoner at a public-house, and gave her some grog and a supper, and accompanied her to a house in Shorter's-tenants, Wellclose-square. In the course of the night he missed his companion, and searched his pockets. All his money was gone, and a piece of printed paper substituted for the £5 note. He crept downstairs gently in the dark, and caught hold of a man, who sung out, "What do you want?" to which he replied, "I want that girl who has taken my money, I calculate." He could not find her. He informed a policeman of the robbery, and gave the woman into custody. He had not a cent left. He came from the States, but he was not a greenhorn. Mr. Selfe: I think you are. What a foolish man you are. You should have left your money in that excellent institution, the Sailors' Home, where you are staying, and it would have been safe. These women rob every sailor they enter into the infamous houses in the district. The prisoner, a stout, red-haired woman, said she did not commit the robbery. A girl named "Carrotty Mary," pitted with the small-pox, and with a cast in her eyes, was in the prosecutor's company, and she had robbed him. Mr. Selfe: Now, Bush, are you quite sure that is the woman who robbed you? Bush: I am quite sure of it, and she has never realised me. William Levey, a seaman, who has recently arrived in a British ship from Rancon, said he fell in with the prisoner between nine and ten on the preceding night, and she was never out of his company until she was arrested by a police-constable. Mr. Selfe: Are you sure she was with you all night? Witness: I saw her several times in the night, and she was alongside of me. Another woman they call "Carrotty Mary," slept with the prisoner there in the same house. Mr. Selfe: And you are from the States? Witness: Yes, sir, I am an American. Mr. Selfe: Are you paid off yet? Witness: No, sir; I shall be paid in a day or so. Mr. Selfe: Then listen to my advice. Leave your money in a sailor's home, or some other place of safety, or the women or some other thieves will rob you of every halfpenny, and rob you of your clothes, too, if you don't mind. Mr. Selfe had no doubt whatever the woman known by the sobriquet of "Carrotty Mary" had robbed the prosecutor, and sent a policeman in quest of her. On his return he said "Carrotty Mary" had absconded, on which the magistrate said he would not detain the prisoner any longer. He believed the prosecutor was mistaken, and she must be discharged.

THE UNLAWFUL CORRUPT.—Charles Watlow, a herring merchant, aged 23, of 40, Old Gravel-lane, St. Giles's, the East, was brought before Mr. Selfe, charged with stabbing Esther Sutton, his concubine, with a knife in the head. The parties have been cohabiting together for several years, but their union has not been sanctioned by the Church, and their connection has been a very unhappy one. An acquaintance of the parties came home, after an absence of five years; and to celebrate his return to England a good deal of whisky was drunk, and many became more or less inebriated over the affair. The prisoner and the prosecutrix quarrelled and fought, and she left the house and went to that of a neighbour for protection. She returned to her own dwelling at a late hour, and in the belief that her paramour was in bed and asleep, she was creeping up-stairs to her room, when she was met by the prisoner, who struck her on the head with a knife and inflicted a severe wound. For the defence it was proved that the complainant was guilty of considerable violence, and struck Watlow on the nose with a poker. He bled for some time copiously. She also kicked at him. When a police-constable named Fry, No. 44 K, was in the prisoner's room to take him into custody he found the door barricaded. He broke it open and took the prisoner into custody. There was a large pool of blood at the end of the bed. The prisoner: That came from me. I lost a quart of blood. Benjamin Selby, a youth, said the complainant struck him with the poker, and then beat his sister and his mother. Mr. Selfe said there was no doubt the complainant was stabbed by her paramour, and there was also no question that she had previously struck him on the nose with a poker, and injured several other persons. This was all the consequence of the immorality of the parties, and their getting drunk. It was a most disgraceful affair. If the prisoner had not been previously assaulted and wounded, he should most undoubtedly have sent him to prison without the option of paying a fine. As it was he should impose a fine of £5 upon the prisoner, and in default of payment one month's imprisonment. The prisoner immediately paid the penalty.

A VERY MISCHIEVOUS GIRL.—Sarah Evans, a servant girl, aged 17, in appearance much younger, was brought before Mr. Selfe, charged with wilfully and maliciously breaking windows in the house of Mrs. Mary Marshall, a schoolmistress, of No. 24, Thomas-street, Poplar. The prisoner was also charged with robbing the same lady of a cash-box containing £4 10s. in gold, a ring, a brooch, and various articles of female wearing apparel. Mrs. Marshall, a widow, who was very ill and accommodated with a seat, deposited that on the 21st of August last she paid a visit to Mr. Hutchins, a neighbour, at No. 1, Boundary-row, Kirby-street, East India-road. The prisoner was a servant there. Previous to leaving home she placed three cotton petticoats, two cotton dresses, and a merino petticoat, on a chair in her back parlour, and among those things, and completely hidden, she deposited a cash-box, which contained four sovereigns, a half-sovereign, a gold ring, and a brooch. In the evening, between five and six o'clock, she requested the prisoner to go round to the house in Thomas-street with a girl twelve years of age, and take care of the premises. Shortly before ten o'clock the same night she returned to her dwelling, and was met by the prisoner, who came running to the door, and said, "Oh, ma'am, I have had such a fright! I saw a man looking over the garden-wall." She said to the girl "What nonsense!" A neighbour then said the prisoner had come to her, apparently in a great fright, and said there was a strange man on the premises. Directly afterwards she entered the back-parlour and missed the cash-box, the three petticoats, and two cotton dresses. The window of the parlour was wide open. It had not been opened for some time before. She sent for the police, but over-suspected the prisoner, to whom she spoke about the robbery on the following morning. The prisoner appeared to be much concerned about it, and said she was very sorry for it. Mrs. Marshall then proceeded to state that on Wednesday night, and again on Thursday night, stones were thrown at her windows, and many panes of glass were broken. On Thursday night the prisoner was detected in the act of throwing stones at the windows, and was detained. Witness said to her, "Sarah, how could you be the cause of this, after breaking your master's windows?" The prisoner equivocated, and said a girl who was with her did the mischief. She told the prisoner she would send for a police-constable, and she then admitted having broken the windows. Witness said, "If you did such a thing as that, after being so kind to you, you are mixed up with the robbery last August." The prisoner hesitated and prevaricated for some time, and then said, "If you don't lock me up I will tell you the truth. I was met that committed the robbery." This admission was made in the presence of six or seven persons. In answer to further questions, the prisoner said that a man named John Brown, with whom she was acquainted, was concerned in the robbery; that she disposed of the ring and brooch taken out of the cash-box to a jeweller in Poplar; and that John Brown kept four sovereigns, and gave her one half-sovereign of the stolen money only. The prisoner also said, "You had the clothes back; did you not?" Mr. Selfe: Were the clothes returned to you after they were stolen? Mrs. Marshall: They were, sir. I said to her, "Sarah, was it you that took one sovereign out of six that I had in the drawer?" and

she said, "Yes, I did, and bought some of the things with it." Mr. Selfe: "Then it was you that stole the money, and bought the things with it, and then you said the things were stolen from your master's house?" and she said, "Yes, I did, and before the body was buried, I robbed the house." I said to her, "If I had done as the policeman wants I should have given you in charge the night I was robbed, to which the girl was to reply, Mr. Selfe remanded the prisoner for a week.

LAMBETH.

IMPUDENT ROBBERY OF A GOLD RING.—Elizabeth Wilson, a young woman dressed in deep mourning, who was said to be living under the protection of a "gentleman" at 4, Walnut-tree-walk, Lambeth, was placed at the bar before Mr. Elliott, and charged on suspicion of being concerned with a Frenchman, not in custody, in stealing a diamond ring of the value of £65, the property of Mr. Richard Aueborough, pawnbroker, of Knightbridge. Charles Palmer, assistant to Mr. Aueborough, deposed that on Saturday afternoon, between the hours of four and five, a middle-aged foreigner called at the shop of his master and requested to be shown a diamond ring which was marked at seventy-five guineas. Mr. Basse, the foreman of the shop, took the ring from the window, and placing it on the counter the man took it up, examined the number of stones which formed the cluster, and taking out his pocket-book, appeared to calculate their value separately, and ultimately purchased the ring for £65. He then requested that a person might be sent with him to his residence, 64, Walnut-tree-walk, Lambeth, where he would pay for it. Witness accordingly accompanied the man to the house mentioned, the door of which was opened by a female, then present, and the man, on meeting the prisoner in the passage, addressed her in the most endearing terms—calling her his darling, and said he had intended to be home much sooner. They then entered the parlour, and he (witness) went in there also, when the man wrote one or two notes, which he handed to the prisoner, and she left the apartment. The foreigner then said he kept his money up-stairs, and asked witness to let him have the ring to show it to his friends up-air, and he should then bring him down the money. Not suspecting anything wrong, he let him have the ring, and he left the parlour, closing the door after him. In about five minutes after the prisoner returned to the parlour with a dog in her arms, asked him if he were a judge of dogs, and began to speak of the qualities of the animal, for the purpose, as he believed, of engaging his attention while the man made his escape. He at length asked her if the man was not her husband. The prisoner replied that he was not, and that she knew no more about him than having met him in the street on the night before. Witness finding that the man was gone away with the ring, went to the station-house, and having obtained the assistance of Sergeant Shephard, a detective, he gave the prisoner into custody. Sergeant Shephard said that on going to the house, 64, Walnut-tree-walk, with the last witness, the prisoner informed him that all she knew of the Frenchman who had stolen the ring was her meeting him for the first time on the previous Friday night in the Kennington-road, and his sleeping with her for that night only. The prisoner also said that on leaving her on the following morning the man said he was going to call on the French ambassador to get some money, and should be back in the course of the day. He (witness) had ascertained that the prisoner had occupied the two parlours of the house for some months, that she was under the protection of a gentleman, but saw no visitors. The defence set up was, that the foreigner who stole the property was a perfect stranger to her beyond one night's acquaintance, and that she had no participation whatever in the robbery. For the prosecution a remand was requested, and Mr. Elliott granted it, but consented that the prisoner might be allowed to go at large on good bail.

WANDSWORTH.

A CLEVER SWINDLER.—A thick-set middle-aged man, who gave the name of Joseph Edwards, was examined on a charge of obtaining money by false representations. There were three cases of fraud preferred, but the details of one will be sufficient to show the system. Mr. W. H. Matthews, a soap maker, of Southampton-street, Camberwell, stated that on the 24th of September the prisoner came to him and exhibited a sample of fat in a tin box, and represented that he had twenty-four casks of that description of fat for sale, and that they were lying at the Nine-elms Railway Station. He asked witness to purchase them, and he agreed to have the whole number at 38s. per cwt. The prisoner requested him to send for the fat, and stated that there would be some railway charges. He asked witness to pay them, and he said he could deduct the amount from the price of the fat. Believing that the prisoner had the fat at the station, he directed his man to accompany the prisoner, and give him £5 to pay the charges. Edward Cullen, the carman, said he drove the prisoner to the station, where he got out of the cart for the purpose of inquiring for the number of the truck which contained the fat. He went into the office and returned with a piece of paper in his hand. He told witness that he had obtained the number of the truck, and the charges were £1 2s. He asked witness for the amount, and he gave him that sum. After waiting some time, witness inquired for the prisoner, but he was unable to find him, nor could he discover the fat. The prisoner was identified by two of the porters at the railway as having on the day in question inquired for some empty casks which he represented came from Portsmouth two months ago, but no entry could be found relating to them, nor were there any such goods as twenty-four casks of fat. It also appeared that at the time the prisoner was being watched by another carman, named Ford, in the service of Mr. Bryer, bone and oil merchant, of Crucifix-lane, Hermondsey, who has been duped of £4 in a similar manner on the 19th of the same month. He saw the prisoner talking to Cullen, and afterwards enter the station at one gate and go out by another. The prisoner ran towards Battersea-fields, but Ford followed him and gave him into custody. On being searched two sample boxes of grease and a pair of steel yards were found. A sovereign was discovered concealed in his cap. The prisoner cross-examined the witnesses in a loud, impudent manner as to his identity, but they all spoke positively to him. The constable said there were two former convictions against the prisoner at Portsmouth. Mr. Dayman committed the prisoner for trial on the three charges.

HAMMERSMITH.

COMMITTING A ROBBERY TO OBTAIN A REWARD.—George Griggs, a labouring lad, was charged with stealing a watch, the property of a young gentleman named Peniston Milbanke, one of the pupils at Harrow School. The prosecutor went to play at football, and left his clothes under a tree. When he returned for them he found his watch gone. The prisoner was seen near the clothes by another pupil of the same school, and he went away before the prosecutor came up. Sergeant Macneil subsequently apprehended the prisoner, who admitted having the watch, and stated that he picked it up not far from the clothes. It also appeared that about a week ago the prisoner restored a watch to the school, stating that he picked it up on the football ground; and for his supposed honesty he was rewarded with 10s. Mr. Dayman told the prisoner that it was quite clear what his intentions were. He took the opportunity of picking the pocket of the young gentleman to return the property for the purpose of being rewarded for his apparent honesty. (He (Mr. Dayman) committed him for two months' imprisonment with hard labour, and promised to send him for trial the next time.

GREENWICH.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF PASSING COUNTERFEIT COIN.—Mary Lawler, a respectable dressed woman, the wife of a tradesman, carrying on business as a greengrocer at Victory-street, Deptford, was brought up charged with uttering counterfeit coin. Mr. Moss, solicitor, appeared for the prisoner. Eliza Lokar, a young woman, said she was manager at a tea-shop of Mr. Riddington, confectioner, of Lewisham. About twenty minutes after six on the evening of Thursday, the 2nd inst., the prisoner entered the shop, and in payment for a tart and bun placed a shilling in her hand. Witness tried the coin between her teeth, and finding it was a counterfeit, she told the prisoner the shilling was a very bad one, when the prisoner said she must take it back to a public-house close by where she had received it, and offered witness another shilling in lieu of it. At this moment a man came into the shop and warned witness against taking any bad money, saying a female had just previously passed a bad shilling at a neighbouring shop. The man laid hold of prisoner leaving the shilling she was wearing in his hand. The shop-boy ran off, and the prisoner succeeded in stopping her, and she was given into custody. Mary Williamson, a shop-keeper at Lewisham, said that at ten minutes after six on the evening in question, the prisoner entered her shop and became very familiar in her conversation. The prisoner then asked for half an ounce of tobacco, and received in change of a shilling 10d. Witness put the shilling in the till, which at that time contained two or three sixpences and some threepenny-pieces, and also another shilling, which were good. Immediately after the prisoner left the shop witness had some suspicion and went to the till and examined the shilling, and finding it was a counterfeit, she ran out and inquired of some persons whether they had seen a female leave her shop and also which way she had gone. Hearing afterwards the prisoner was in custody, witness went to the station, and before making any accusation against her, the prisoner said she could take an oath she was never in her shop. The coins were here produced, and were proved to have been cast from the same mould. Mr. Trail said he should commit the prisoner for trial at the next Old Bailey Sessions, but consented to take bail in two sureties of £40 each for her appearance. The required bail was at once tendered and accepted.



HARTINGTON, WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH. (See page 26.)

THE MUSEUM AT VENICE.

In page 21 we give an engraving of the interior of the museum at Venice, a place of great attraction to all students and admirers of the fine arts; for it is here where the works of the Italian school of painters are to be seen in perfection. On the site now occupied by the museum there formerly stood a convent, in which resided the monks officially connected with the neighbouring church of "Santa Maria della Salute." At an early date this convent was destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt in the sixteenth century by the celebrated Palladio; but, in the following century, the greater portion of the building was a second time laid waste by fire. The portion of the edifice which escaped the flames was set apart for the pictures which have attracted the gaze of art worshippers for many years. Since the establishment of the museum, the building has been enlarged and beautified as circumstances and the refinements of modern civilization demanded.

The grand saloon of the museum is that called "The Assumption," because of the famous painting of Titian called "The Assumption," which occupies the place of honour—a work which in Italy is considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of this great artist. This masterpiece was executed for the church of the Friari. The monks, unworthy of a work like this, had taken so little care of it, that Vasari, who condemned their negligence, complained even in his time that it was with difficulty the painting could be seen. It was found lying about anywhere, under rubbish, or carelessly hung on the walls of the church, and, like other masterpieces, exposed to damp and the fumes of the wax candles, until the establishment of the Museum, where it and many other valuable works were placed. Conte Cicognara discovered one day a picture of Titian's in a corner of the church of the Friari, where it had been stowed away; and in the place of this grand old piece of smoked canvas, of which the authorities knew not the value, he proposed to give, in exchange, a beautiful picture just fresh from the studio of the artist. The bargain was accepted, and "The Assumption" of Titian, delivered from its coating of grease, rose like a Phoenix from the ashes, and is now the boast of the Academy of Fine Arts. It was, according to the general belief, painted by Titian when he was in his thirty-ninth year.

At the other extremity of the saloon, facing The Assumption, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Tintoretto, The Martyrdom of St. Mark, a picture of vigorous colouring and of a certain audacity of manner, which make it one of the finest paintings of the Venetian school. Tintoretto was thirty-six years of age when he executed the work, and then, like Titian, in the full vigour of his age and talents. In addition to these, there are in the museum many other pictures of great merit; among them the Madonna and the Six Saints, by Juan Bellini; a Saint Christina, by Paul Veronese; The Adoration of Magi, by Bonifazio, &c.

ADULTERY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER.—As some sergeants de ville were going their rounds in the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, Paris, they heard cries of "Murder!" proceeding from one of the houses. On entering, they met a man hastily descending the stairs, who, in answer to their questions, said that he had just been attempting to kill his wife, which assertion proved to be true, for the woman was found bleeding profusely from seven knife wounds, one of which, on the head, is likely to prove fatal. The victim was immediately conveyed to the Hospital St. Antoine. The man, when called upon to explain his motives for the crime, stated that he was a sailor, and that his ship had just returned to St. Malo after a long voyage. On coming to Paris he learned that his wife had been cohabiting with another man during his absence, and that two children were the result of the connexion. With some difficulty he had that night discovered his wife's retreat. When he reproached her with her infidelity, she angrily denied the truth of the charge, and a quarrel ensued during which he stabbed her.

WRECK OF THE CLEOPATRA, AND LOSS OF LIFE

The following account of the loss of the Cleopatra was received by the last African mail:—

"The above ship was totally lost on Shebar (entrance to the Sherboro River) about half-past nine p.m. on the 19th of August. The night was dark and hazy. A few minutes previous to her striking, land was reported on the starboard bow. Her course was immediately altered; but it proved of no avail, as she struck almost immediately afterwards, and, although every available means was used to get the ship off, she could not be moved from the spot she had struck on. The only alternative now left was to wait until daylight, as we did not exactly know our position. Daybreak of the 20th revealed to us our position, which was anything but cheering. About six a.m. the ship's gig was lowered, in charge of the second officer, to take soundings; and shortly afterwards the longboat was lowered to receive an anchor and cable to kedge the ship off, if possible. The latter boat was nearly being capsized by getting broadside on to the rollers, and was obliged to pull into smooth water to enable her crew to bale her out. The gig now returned, and with some difficulty the second officer managed to get on board, but the boat was obliged to leave the ship's side to prevent her being stove. Both boats had now left the ship, and were some distance off. Signals for their return were made, but without avail. As our time was being lost, it was desirable that kedges should be got out immediately, the more so as the ship began to bump very heavily. It was therefore, agreed that a third boat should be lowered, in charge of the chief officer, to recall the other two boats. This boat was lowered about 8.30 a.m. Shortly afterwards we were obliged to cut away the fore and main masts to ease the ship. By this time we saw that it was impossible for any of the boats to return, on account of the heavy breakers alongside and the strong tide running, so that we were now dependent on one boat. The engines had now stopped of themselves, on account of the sand. The surf all this afternoon broke heavily on the ship; the night was spent most anxiously by all on board, the striking of the ship on board was most frightful, and it was apparent that the breakers were getting much heavier. On the morning of the 21st there was no sign of any of the ships' boats. We still agreed to remain on board for another day, in expectation of some assistance from Sierra Leone (about one hundred miles distant). It was evident that during the night previous the ship had been driven in towards the shore a considerable distance, and that she now lay firmly embedded in the sand, a total wreck. Several times during the day we could discern people on the beach (about three miles distant), but could not make out whether they were black or white. The passengers were more inclined to remain by the ship, in the hope of some assistance being rendered, rather than land in a place where it was uncertain whether the natives were friendly or hostile; but the afternoon of this day decided our movements. The flood tide and surf combined coming in so heavily, it was evident that the ship's stern could not hold together much longer. It was arranged that the last remaining boat should be lowered next morning, containing only the passengers (thirteen souls) and a picked crew, the captain, officers and crew agreeing to take to rafts, which we immediately began to construct. During the night the stern partly gave way, and it took every exertion, with the aid of sails hung over the stern, to keep the saloon from being flooded. It was a most anxious night. About six a.m. of the 22nd everything was prepared for the safe launching of the boat, which was successfully accomplished about half an hour afterwards. Shortly after leaving the ship's side, she narrowly escaped being swamped, the boat being completely filled, keeping them constantly bailing. As soon as they got into smooth water they were obliged to anchor on account of the tide. Some time afterwards a boat from one of the factories up the river met them, into which the ladies and

children were transferred—the gentlemen succeeding in getting canoes. They all proceeded towards Yelbana factory, about twenty three miles from the wreck, where they put up for the night. To return to the wreck, seeing that the boat had encountered a strong ebb tide, it would be dangerous to launch any rafts; but about one p.m. we launched the first raft, and with some difficulty part of the firemen, and nearly all the Kroomen got on to it. One Krooman lost his life in the attempt, and we afterwards learnt that three others were drowned in landing. This was the only raft launched this day. About 3 p.m. the stern was completely carried away, and shortly afterwards the ship evidently broke in two about the engine-room, filling rapidly with water, giving us barely time to get the mails and specie removed. The ship was now full of water, with the exception of the fore compartment, leaving us still the fore-cabin and fore-castle for shelter; but, unfortunately this only continued until about ten p.m., when the water began to make here also, and so rapidly, that in less than an hour it nearly reached the main deck. The breakers were now so heavy that they broke clean over the ship, leaving us in a most uncomfortable position all that night. August 23.—We now agreed to abandon the wreck, having two rafts constructed, which we intended launching on the first of the flood tide. During this forenoon we saw two boats attempting to reach the ship; the leading boat unfortunately risked too much, got among the breakers, and capsized, all hands being lost. We afterwards learned that the boat contained Mr. Hanson and a crew of five men. The other boat was manned by our chief officer and a crew belonging to the ship; they returned in safety. About two p.m. we launched the largest raft; about eighteen got on to it, but before it left the ship's side it capsized, and, unfortunately Mr. Webster, the chief engineer, was drowned. Of this those on the raft were ignorant until the raft was beached, when his body was found lashed to the raft. The second raft was shortly afterwards launched, and arrived safely on the beach. The two rafts proving too small to take all hands, the captain and eight men remained on board to construct another out of the mizen mast, hen-coops, &c. The captain still had hopes of some assistance from Sierra Leone to save mails, specie, &c., and was determined to remain by the ship to the last; but getting short of water, provisions, &c., there was no alternative left but to abandon her. About six a.m. on the 1st of September they safely launched the last raft, and every one having 1-ft the ship they cast the raft adrift, and arrived with some difficulty on the beach about half-past eleven the same morning. Shortly afterwards they all proceeded up the river to the factories, where they were hospitably received. Most of the crew and some of the passengers had previously proceeded to Sierra Leone in a small steamer sent from there for that purpose. For the remainder a vessel was chartered, and after a tedious passage of five days arrived safely at Sierra Leone on the 8th of September. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Captain Delamotte for his cool and intrepid bearing during the whole of this trying occasion."

AN AGED RAVEN.—A sportsman in the neighbourhood of the wood of Clairmarais (Somme), shot a few days ago an unusually large raven, having round one of its legs a small iron ring, on which were engraved the words, "Born at Courtray, in 1772." This fact is a confirmation of the opinion of certain naturalists that ravens live for a century and upwards.—*Galigani*.

CLIFTON SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.—The contract for putting up the chains of the late Hungerford-bridge and completing the suspension bridge at Clifton has been taken, and the works are expected to be commenced in about three weeks. In anticipation of this long unfinished structure being at length completed, Sir Greville Smyth, of Ashton Court, has sold 125 acres of land for the purpose of building villas on the Somersetshire side of the Avon.

Literature.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE SMUGGLER
IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—AFLOAT.

ONE tempestuous afternoon, just before sunset, and many a year now gone, a Deal cutter might have been seen, beating up the "reaches" of the River Thames, making her way for Barking Creek, her destination—the navigation of that part of the river being much clearer than it is at the present day, and the Petrel spread to the wind a goodly show of canvas.

The man who guided the helm was wrapped up in his Flushing jacket and frock, his head crowned with a seal-skin cap, and a fathom of woollen "comforter" round his neck, and by his manner seemed to be familiarly acquainted with every inch of the coast. Two or three men were huddled together at the fore-castle, and besides him at the helm, none other were visible. The cutter had evidently seen some rough weather, but on she went like a gull, tacking with great expertness, and handled with the consummate skill of the marine accustomed to make the most of the smallest possible sea-room.

In the small cabin of the Petrel there were at this moment two persons, on whom the somewhat dim light thrown from a lamp, hooded to one of the carlines, cast its rays, and by which the face of one might have been distinctly seen, while that of the other was partially in the shade.

The first, and elder, of the two, reclined on a couch, evidently prepared by careful and tender hands. He was a commanding-looking man, of a military aspect, which the old battle-dress flung over him aided to denote. His frame appeared to be broken down and worn by illness, rather than by age. The face was noble, its expression calm; and the thick moustache, pointed beard, and whitened hair, indicated what had once been a splendid specimen of manliness.

The other, a much younger man, had a light, agile, and nervous form, implying activity combined with an almost incredible strength. The face was thin, the forehead high but narrow, the hair black and sleek, the lips closely compressed, and all gave evidence of a resolution bordering on obstinacy. The eyes were dark, piercing and restless, and on the whole there lurked a sinister look about him, which bespoke an evil and dangerous design.

"How feel you now, General?" asked the latter, after a pause, and speaking in French, while the invalid writhed under a sudden accession of pain.

"Ill—very ill, Redford," was the reply, delivered in a broken voice. "So near to our destination, too; I feel that I shall never reach it. My poor Honora! But do not disturb her yet," he eagerly added.

"Confide in me, General," said Redford; "what you desire to have done, that will I do."

"Thanks—thanks!" and the sick man grasped the speaker's hand.

"If I should die on the way,"—and a shade crossed his face—"my passport, my will—which as you know is signed and sealed—are in that valise," and he pointed to a small trunk on the floor of the cabin. Redford nodded his comprehension and assent.

"Driven from my country by the Directory for my loyalty to the fated Bourbons, my person denounced, my estate confiscated, there is yet what may recover them in better times. I had opportunity enough to transfer to England what may prove a sufficient competence for Honora. You start," he added; but misconceiving the emotion of the other, the speaker continued, "Yet, through my old notary at St. Malo, who drew up my will, and who added a codicil to it—"

"A codicil! and I not there," muttered Redford.

"That is true; but the priest who is our fellow-passenger—Father Gervase—attested it."

"Ah! Well—yes, yes," said Redford.

"Well, through my notary, I had time to transfer the bulk of my personal wealth to England, entrusted to one who will be to my Honora a brother and a friend."

"A brother—a friend—humph!"

"He is the son of one who, Englishman as he was, I loved as the very soul of honour. We have rambled together in the tropics, fought side

by side on the Spanish seas, and both together roamed the wilderness. We owed each other a life; and Norman Oakdale is his father's true son, and will cherish Honora for his own—for hers—for mine—and for his father's sake; could I but be spared to bless their union. This letter—"

(he took one from under his pillow, already folded and sealed)—"this will be your credential and introduction to him; you remember him, do you not?"

Redford bent his head as a paler shade crossed his face.

"I charge you, on your salvation, to seek him, and you will find that you have not been forgotten!"

Here Redford bent down to catch a murmur, for the sick man now spoke like one in a reverie.

"My son, my Armand, you remember him?—he who, in the wild rashness of his boyhood, for an angry word, quitted his home, deserted us both—his mother bath long been at rest—search him out, Redford, bear him my blessing, my forgiveness: in future years he may reclaim what I have lost. There are papers of importance for him there also. Redford—the priest—bid Father Gervase come; but, first, the anodyne, the draught—the anodyne."

Redford, bending forward in the shadow, had devoured every word that the exhausted General spoke. His cheeks were white with eagerness, his eyes were lit up with a strange glare, and he bit his lips till the blood almost started. A Mephistoph'lic snarl at the mention of the fugitive son, exhibited for a moment a row of white and glistening teeth. "The anodyne! the priest!" he murmured. "Ah, here is the one, but as for the other—humph!" and taking a phial that stood in a rack on the table, he poured a few drops into a tumbler of water—a feat not quite so easy as may be imagined, for the cutter tacking at the moment, his equilibrium was considerably affected. This glass he handed to the patient,

the doomed General. In a few minutes he removed it, wiped all the moisture carefully away, flung the towel out of the cabin window, and then stood gazing with frightful calmness upon the dead man.

His next act was to take a bunch of keys, and selecting one, to open the valise with the eagerness of gloating avarice, and from among a number of papers sealed and folded, bound with tape and so on, he selected one addressed to Norman Oakdale, which, with the keys, he secured on his person, having left the valise as he found it. The gold which it contained, too, he left untouched, despite the ardent desire to possess it that filled him. His object was evidently gained. A secret of vast importance—the talisman to wealth, power, and love, even love—was in his hand!

"And no one has observed me!" he said. "Those mute lips cannot accuse me—nor is there a mark that points to aught but a quiet death during sleep!"

Fool! So busy had he been with his last quarter of an hour's work of murder and spoliation, that he perceived not a human face with keen eyes glancing on him in a manner expressive of a puzzled sense—a face that appeared at a narrow opening which was ordinarily closed by a slide, and which communicated from the little "state room" (leading off at the foot of the companion) with the main cabin, which Redford and the dead General occupied.

A strong shiver, that neither arose from fear or dismay, neither from dread of the living or the dead, ran like a galvanic shock through every limb and quivering muscle of the priest, who now intently conjectured all that had taken place, the method of the murder, and the moment of its commission. While cursing the assassin with all the energy of his silent nature, he at the same time execrated his own stupidity in not suspecting more, and interposing ere it was too late, and now it was, indeed, too late.

yet remained, the shore fringed with nodding willows could be seen, beneath which the brown waters plashed and murmured, while over the flat and level marshes eastward the wind came with a sullen and a boding moan, as if in sympathy with him who lay in his eternal sleep, and sounded like a dirge.

A twinkling, far-off light glimmered from the shore on the left, and Pierre Memel, when he beheld it, exclaimed, "Forward, there, d'ye hear? Bear a hand, and get the signal ready!"

"Ay, ay!" was the response from the forepart of the Petrel, accompanied by a movement among the men; "all ready!"

"Up with it, then, and look out for our friends!" And, as he spoke, a blue flame, steadily burning in a lantern, was hoisted to the masthead; at the same time that the cutter was cleverly run alongside a landing-place on the jetty, a considerable distance up the creek and, while pass-words were exchanged, the deck and shore became instantly alive with men.

"Douse the lights!" cried Pierre; "and knock off the hatches, my lads! Are your carts ready there?"

"Ay, ay! All right!" was the answer. "Then all hands to work. Each man knows his place. No talking, but break bulk and get your tackle-block rove. So, that's my boys, away away!"

Moored head and stern, the Petrel lay snugly by the landing-place, which, in an incredibly short space of time, became covered with bales, boxes, and bundles, containing lace, silks, eau de Cologne; casks and an'ers of brandy proved that the selection of the Petrel's cargo was by no means confined in choice. These, again, as rapidly disappeared, and dusty carts, waggons, and vehicles of every description, vanishing in the levels of Palatow and the neighbouring country, soon cleared the smuggler of her whole content, showing, on her part, an admirable indifference

for goods wet and dry—a consistency that, with lace, did not despise liquor, which latter, at intervals, had been liberally handed round to the busy contrabandists.

In the meantime, the priest (who had ransacked a locker in his state-room, and after a little while had disdainfully cast back an empty bottle, that, by the way, was not so when he first found it) entered the cabin where Redford sat, and drawing his cowl over his face, in a composed voice saluted him.

"So we are arrived at the creek, then," observed Redford. "The General has slept long and well. I hope you have rested well, too."

"Dam—I mean, heaven bless us all! I have rested in different well, my son," said the priest, in a tone of sardonicunction; "and your patient has not

troubled you?"

"But once," returned Redford, with such desperate composure as even startled the other.

"But once!" repeated the priest, and this time there was a fierce glitter in his eye, from which the murderer shrank for a moment; but, recovering his *hardiess*, he was about to speak when the door of the cabin opened, and a young girl, whose sweet and noble features bore the stamp and mould of the General's tranquil face upon them, entered, followed by a female attendant.

"How is my dear father?" she asked. "Does he sleep? Oh, how happy he will be now. My dear, dear father!"

Her words fell on the ear of the murderer with an appalling weight—a mingling of dirges with death-bells. Suddenly a terrible shriek resounded through the cabin, making the blood of the listeners cold at the very heart.

"My father! my father!" cried Honora, falling on her knees—"dead!"

"Dead—dead! and I not by to receive his last blessing—his last kiss!"

Her anguish was awful to behold; and the priest, folding his mantle over his face, sobbed aloud, while the white and livid face of Redford grew distorted, and looted like some horrible carving of stone glaring with a ghastly and sepulchral life.

It was long after they had borne her with tender care ashore, and placed her in charge of the hostess of the "Ivy Bush," a pretty lonely inn, who nursed the pale and heartbroken girl as if she had been her child,—it was long ere she recovered the shock. When she revived, it was to know that she was surrounded by comforts, and in kind hands.

She found herself in a comfortable bed in a room well, not to say handsomely, furnished; and the first object she beheld was the weeping and anxious face of the hostess's pretty sister, who had taken so great a liking to the stricken girl, that



LANDING THE CARGO OF THE PETREL.

who drank it off, and then, with closed eyes, sank back, apparently in a deep sleep, suddenly brought about by exhaustion and the combined action of the draught.

"Sleep—sleep!" muttered Redford. "Sleep, and wake no more!"

In the meantime, not a sound was heard, save that of the waters beating against the sides of the buoyant craft, and the whistling of the wind through the cordage. The evening had now come on, and moon and stars were hidden by the scudding clouds; but a long, level line, shown on the horizon of the Essex marshes, revealed to the keen eye of the steersman such marks as he required to be guided by. In a neighbouring cabin, rudely formed by a part of the hold being obstructed by hastily constructed bulkheads, lay the sweet girl Honora, wrapped in slumber—having been fatigued by long vigils at her father's side. A narrow crib of a place had also been allotted to the priest spoken of, who sat in the darkness, either asleep or meditating. A strange gurgling sound, however, heard now and then, like a liquid flowing from the neck of a bottle, and the smacking of the lips which followed, indicated less of sleep than of meditation, after all.

After some time had elapsed, during which Redford watched the sleeper's face (and just as the mate had in a subdued roar given the word to "Stand by sheets!" and the boat was gliding on another tack), he rose, and advancing to the companion-way, opened the door of the cabin, and listened. Satisfied apparently with this, he again closed it, and with a satanic smile gleaming on a face of marble, he took a linen cloth, folded it together, and dipped it in water; then having partially wrung it out, he deliberately laid it over the face, so as completely to cover the mouth and nostrils of his victim, pressing at the same time with a gently increasing violence on the chest of

The priest, who was of a tall and burly form, and whose smoothly-shaven face had a bronzed and singularly bluff expression, besides that it was more of an English than French cast, strode across the little deck, and said, as he stood with perfect composure, despite the tossing of the boat, "Mind your helm, Pierre Memel! Luff, sir, luff! Do you want to poke the wind's eye out, and be d-d to you? If the boat doesn't founder, it's because there's one saint on board, and that's not me; but if we haven't shipped the devil among the live-stock—!" What followed was lost in a freshening blast of wind.

"What's the matter, skipper?" demanded the helmsman.

"Stopper your jaw!" returned the skipper, gruffly, as he paced to and fro with hurried steps—"stopper your jaw, and don't betray me, or you'll spoil my plot! Zounds! one gets something even out of a priest's frock! So we're coming to the mouth of the creek—stand off for a broad offing, Pierre."

A sudden "yaw" showed that the helmsman knew what he was to do, without rendering any further orders necessary, as he observed, in a tone that was like the growl of a bear, "If you don't want to be known, you'd best stopper too, and, mayhap, had as well go below and prepare your passengers to land."

"Ah, yes; but, Pierre, my boy, there's one below will never waken more. Storm and thunder! but I could make the scoundrel walk the plank, or tow his lubberly length atern. Well, here goes; look out for the lights, Pierre," and he went below into the state room again, the door of which closed after him.

The boat, under the impetus she had received, was softly gliding along the gentler waters of the creek, propelled by her jib and braced mainsail, the boom of which was now drawn close to her quarter. To the right, by the dim rays that

she, in one of those fond paroxysms of woman's devotion, bound herself, as it were, to serve and love Honora for life; and the forlorn and terrified girl could only sob forth her gratitude on the young woman's neck.

PART II.—ASHORE.

THE discovery of General Bezieres' death created a sensation akin to dread among the rough crew of the Petrel. Pierre Memel could not restrain his tears; and he gazed on the pallid face of Honora, on which anguish and despair were expressed. The priest, after a few brief questions put to her when alone, had gone ashore with the last bale of goods, leaving Redford to bring his charge, accompanied by Pierre Memel himself, and one or two seamen as body-guard, to a wayside inn, which stood a mile away from the creek, occupying one of the prettiest nooks to be found in the neighbourhood. Here, Honora as stated, was consigned to the care of the buxom landlady; while Redford, with the valise carefully borne by himself, the seamen carrying the rest of the luggage, was also shown into his chamber; and the smugglers, after changing one out of two gold coins which had been given them, and drank to the future health and happiness of Honora, and to the prosperity of the "Ivy Bush,"—not forgetting the pretty landlady, on whom Pierre seemed to look with especial favour,—they retraced their steps to the Petrel, in the cabin of which the corpse of the General still lay.

Brooding intently, with his feet on the fender, Redford had sat for hours beside a table, on which a lighted lamp stood, together with a bottle, glasses, sugar, and hot water, &c.; while a cheerful fire cast a warm and ruddy radiance around the quaintly panelled room. With nerves of steel and the composure of marble, Redford had been perusing, one by one, the contents of the General's valises,—thus making himself fully master of such secrets as they embodied,—secrets, to him, of real importance, to be turned to use hereafter.

The chamber he occupied was low, with a ceiling of dark oaken rafters traversing it, their morticed extremities terminating in heavy carvings. Opposite the doorway, as you traversed the floor, it ended in a deep bay window, over which the curtains were now drawn. The fireplace was wide, large, and hospitable, and surrounded by carved oak fruit-pieces, a little bed, covered with snowy sheets stood in a recess. The furniture was old fashioned, and of a piece with the room itself, and a carpet partially hid the polished floor. Everything denoted cleanliness and comfort, presided over by the taste of a thrifty housewife, the secret of whose management was to transfer to inanimate things something akin to her own cheery nature.

A few words will display Redford to our readers at greater length, and also inform them of a purpose which demanded such ulterior measures as he had taken for its fulfilment.

He had been in the service of the General as his secretary for some years; had spent the greater part of his time in the library of an old chateau, buried in the heart of Picardy; had watched the budding girlhood of Honora Bezieres growing into the matured loveliness of an accomplished woman; had, for a time, been her tutor; and it was a part of his design to win her affections (or not), but, in any case, to make her his own. It was necessary, too, that Honora should be parted from her only brother, the General from his only son; and, difficult as it should be to sow discord and dissension between parent and child, the thing was done. After a stormy scene, young Bezieres quitted his home and was heard of no more.

On one occasion, carried away by the force of a passion which lay in an evil hour for him and contrary to his original design, confessed to Honora Redford found his self repulsed with indignation and scorn. It seemed for a moment as if providence had interposed between the young girl and her sinister teacher; but by such a threat as turned her blood cold, and sealed her lips for ever, he bound her to silence. She was educated from home after that time, and had only been lately recalled by her affectionate and only remaining parent to soothe his declining years, and to take her mother's place in the old chateau.

Redford, in addition, had seen and known the son of the General's English friend, Norman Oakdale; and he was aware, too, that a union was projected between the young people, but the troubles of the revolution compelled the General to look to his safety; and though suffering at the time from severe illness, aggravated by anxiety, and the fatigues of travelling, he was enabled by the assistance of Father Gervase (a very recent acquaintance) to embark with Honora, Redford, and his attendants, from the coast of Normandy, on board the Petrel, where we at the opening of our story found them.

All this time, Redford was perusing the papers, which he laid one by one on the table beside him, and his plans began to take a hasty but substantial form.

The first thing to be done was to break off every clue between Honora and Norman Oakdale; and next to relieve himself of the presence of the Petrel, of whom he stood in greater doubt than dread.

Yes; the General should be buried without delay, and armed with the powers her father had given him in word and writing, he would remove Honora to some secluded spot, and act as opportunity might suggest. To destroy every link that might by any chance renew the tie he had sworn to break between Honora and her lover, did not seem to be so difficult a matter; and being thoroughly under his control and guardianship, he would either win her consent or break her proud heart in the struggle. As for Father Gervase, it would be a war of skill between them. Were they to differ, there was a means of purchasing his assistance or—there was—there was—A fierce malignant smile broke forth on Redford's lips as he thought of that other alternative.

All at once Redford found himself, pen in hand, tracing repeatedly some characters on a piece of blank paper, which soon, however, began to fill

up with the name "Armand Bezieres," till the semblance of the signature of the dead General became perfect. If forgery should at any time be rendered necessary, it was an accomplished Redford acquired with all possible speed. Very likely this signature was not his first effort, the success was so remarkable. Suddenly came to his ears, like the hissing of an asp, the following words, sarcastically spoken:—"What a beautiful hand you write, my son! How marvellously like the original! 'Practice makes things perfect,' the good people of the world say. How thick you on the matter?"

So intent had Redford been, that a flash of electric light suddenly breaking forth in the chamber, or a bolt fallen at his feet, could not have startled him more.

"What an industrious young gentleman you must be!" continued the priest, stealing softly round and seating himself opposite to Redford—the table between them. "Doubtless you are examining those papers," and he pointed to them, "in order that your knowledge may be of use to the heirs;" and with a composure that made Redford tremble with fury, Father Gervase brewed a potent tumbler of Hollands punch, out of which he took a draught, that custom, or a head of iron, alone could warrant. Father Gervase nodded, winked his eye like a humourist, and put the tumbler down empty.

"There never was a better drop of liquor run!" he muttered, in parenthesis.

"How came you here? How dare you play the spy on me, and intrude upon my privacy?" cried Redford, springing up, his face white with rage. He cast an inquiring glance round the room.

"I don't make a noise, my good fellow," returned the other, coolly. "This is a curious old house, this—full of queer passages, staircases, lodges, and secret doors,"—and his hand indicated a panel just close behind Redford, by which he had entered. "I was restless," he continued; "I couldn't sleep, so I began to walk about, and here I am."

The tone of the man—his manner—even his words and phrases—appeared gradually to change; he seemed like one who had been playing a part, and who, with his disguise, would gladly cast off the constraint both put upon him. Redford was puzzled. He had thought to little of him, very clearly; and how he was to act made him hesitate as to the terms of that familiar intimacy the priest appeared desirous of establishing.

"Have I misjudged that man?" he thought. "I cannot endure a partnership. What must be done?"

"And I dare say," Father Gervase went on, "you took me at first for the—ha, ha, ha!—you know who I mean?" and he laughed.

"You appear to have a secret—it may be worth something—share it with me, therefore."

"My secret!—what secret?"—and again Redford's face paled.

"My dear young friend," retorted the other, with aggravating coolness, "I have eyes and ears; and the more especially when there is a spiritualist" (and he applied himself once more to the task of Hollands)—"I mean a spiritual or temporal—interest in using such valuable senses. What do you mean to do with those papers?—what with Mademoiselle Honora, to whom you are guardian? Can I not join you in my spiritual capacity, and be together look after her welfare?"

"No ambiguity!" said Redford, sternly; "speak plainly."

"Don't trifle with me or yourself!" returned the priest, in a tone so stern, and with a frown so dark, that his innate being was changed. "I saw—"

"Saw!—saw what?" demanded Redford, with an incautious quickness that betrayed alarm.

"I witnessed that which passed in the cabin of the cutter," and the priest fastened his eyes on the assassin. "Do you think that no one but yourself can have an interest in the death of General Armand Bezieres?" and, as if to reassure the other, Father Gervase proceeded to brew another stiff tumbler, which seemed to add nothing to the influence of the former draughts. "And, now, what have you to say?"

A long pause of silence followed, while in the wan and writhing features of Redford the passions of the deepest hell appeared to be working. A foam stood on his lips, as he gazed with an eye of compressed fury upon his audacious and sarcastic questioner.

"Have you found no reason, then," asked Redford, between his grinding teeth, "for avoiding me? Does it not strike you that it would be safer to stand out of my path than to cross my way?"

"In truth, you have something of the half-tamed tiger in your aspect. Nay, never fumble for your weapon, man."

"I have no weapon."

"I believe you lie," returned the Padre coolly, "but all's one for that. Mine would be the handier of the two. Understand that I fear you as little as I like you; but if you have found a treasure—share, share, my dear friend, on the old principle, which teaches one boy to cry 'Halves' when he sees another pick up a coin in the streets!"

"Share! Well, I will think upon it, and we will talk of it hereafter. If, however," added Redford, "you think to wrest ought from me against my will—try, and fail!"

"Egad!" laughed the priest, but for one or two things about you, you would be really admirable. But why any delay about a compact so important? why defer its consideration? We are alone—none to overhear?"

"Quite alone? None—none near?" asked Redford, in a low whisper; and lifting up his basilisk eye, he fixed it on the other, with a kindling menace lurking therein.

"Only such as my voice could summon to this room in a moment," replied Father Gervase. "But speak! do you mean to become the General's lost son, or to wed the daughter, and so unite in the person of the son-in-law the rights of the son who being missing, may yet be found?"

"Are you perfectly sure of that?" asked Redford.

"I have reasons to think so," was the answer. "I'll tell you what I mean to do, then," whispered Redford, rising and advancing towards the priest, as if in a frank and confidential manner. "I mean," he said—and he bounded on him with the activity of a cat—"I mean to secure your silence, and to share with no one;" and a blue and glittering blade flashed in the light at the same instant.

"The devil you do!" and the frock of the pseudo-priest fell at his feet, and a strongly-built man, dressed in true smuggler's garb, appeared as if by magic in his stead.

"Well, then, my hearty, for once you've reckoned without your host; and don't me, since you won't share, you shall have none!"

He received the blow he could not ward off, so quick and resistless was its descent, in the fleshy part of his arm; but from the other, terminating in a formidable fist, came a blow that might have been a missile projected from a catapult; and Redford, covered with blood and dust, rolled to the floor.

"Come in, gentlemen! the fox is trapped! Zounds! but I feel mightily inclined to squeeze his throat for him, only we'll leave that for the hangman to do!"—and the sham priest, while he spoke, bound with nimble fingers the hands and feet of Redford together, securing the papers and valise in turn; as, at his summons, two young men, well armed, entered the room by the same passage which had first admitted the smuggler-skipper.

One of these, by his features, might have been the old General, restored to life and youthful manhood. It was, in truth, the lost, vilified Armand, who for a long time past had found a home with his friend Norman Oakdale, and who had only been waiting for a fitting opportunity to return to his native land and home.

The other, a tall and handsome man, was Norman himself. The latter having been already made aware that the arrival of the General and Honora was to be expected, had taken up his lodgings in the very inn, and both had entered into so much of the smuggler's plot as served to make them masters of the remainder of Redford's designs. We have seen how those terminated; but the same night, in the room in which he had been fastened, in order to be handed over to the ministers of the law, the daring wretch contrived to cheat Justice of her due by strangling himself.

Our story is therefore done; for the remainder of the sequel—Honora's restoration to a brother, that in part served to compensate her for a beloved father's loss, and her union with Norman—are matters the reader cannot fail to foretell.

The crew of the Petrel were not forgotten.

"And now, brave man," said Norman, grasping warmly the smuggler's hand as they were parting, "what shall we say to you?—how thank you?"

"Do not speak more of that," was his reply, as he stood with one foot on the side of his trim-built boat, ready to leap on board. "When next you drink a cup together, and hear the win's blowing over the sea, think of Will Warch as kindly as you can. And now,"—here he leaped on the deck,—"cast loose and hoist away, my lads. Fare you well!" he cried, as the sails began to spread and fill,—fare you well, mademoiselle! God bless you all!" And thus gazing the one after the other, as hats and caps waved, they stood till they lost sight of the Petrel; but many a day after they heard of the daring deeds of the bold smuggler, whose name was at one time so renowned but never met him more.

THE DAISY.

THE daisy is a native of most parts of Europe in meadows, and flowering almost all the year. The name is derived from day and eye, alluding to the eye-like form of the flower, and its expansion in the day, and in bright weather only, when it presents its front to the sun, following its course till the evening, when the flower closes, and opens again for many successive mornings. Daisies may be called the stars of the earth, which hide their lowly beauties, when the brighter stars of heaven appear.

Mr Montgomery has beautifully poetized this flower, on finding one in full bloom on Christmas-day, 1893, thus:—

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.
The fonder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.
But this small flower to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.
It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.
The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.
But this bold flower-trail climbs the hills,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Flays on the margin of the hill,
Peeps round the fox den.
Within the garden's cultured soil,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.
The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensive stem,
That decks the skylark's nest."

EXPENSIVE HABITS.—The young cannot be too careful how they acquire habits of unnecessary indulgence of appetite. Though the expense to the individual is comparatively trifling, yet the aggregate expense to the productive community is enormous. It is estimated that there are one hundred million smokers in the world, and that the smokers and snuff takers annually consume two million tons of tobacco, costing as much as the bread-stuffs eaten in Great Britain. What unnecessary toil and suffering is imposed by one evil habit.

THE REIGN OF TERROR AT NEW ORLEANS.—ARMING THE NEGROES.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a Southern lady resident at New Orleans.

"General Butler finds that the women are not to be shaken in their devotion to their country, and cause by the threat of rapine and murder, and is thoroughly exasperated with the sex. He says the women were the entire cause of secession, that they tabooed and sent to Coventry every man who would not fight, and that even if they took the oath he would not give them passes. It is true that we recognise no man who has remained at home and is able to serve in the army. You cannot conceive the horrible position we are placed in here. I will endeavour to give you a faint sketch of what we have to expect. In the first place, we are now subject to the caprices of our servants. Imagine an army where the officers were punished with fine and imprisonment for even enforcing ordinary discipline, such as preventing their soldiers leaving for days at a time, or resenting not only impertinence but personal violence! This is the case with us; we are invariably told that the testimony of a 'coloured negro' is preferable to that of a rebel, and no assertion they make against their masters is too absurd to obtain credence. In the presence of these facts we are disarmed, not being permitted the smallest weapon to defend our houses or persons. Foreseeing that many would not comply with this order, Butler excites the cupidity of the slaves—first, by offering a reward for every weapon they may find; and, next, by offering liberty (which they have already) if they will denounce their masters. This has proved such an inducement to pilfering, that many have hidden weapons in the house, and then denounced their master and mistress. Some of our respectable citizens have been sentenced to one year's imprisonment with hard labour for dragging a ball and chain, for having retained, some a sword-cane, others a revolver, or bowie-knife. While we are unarmed, but our arms all the free coloured population, while I help drill the negroes in camp to be ready at a moment's warning to be armed. Is it not dreadful? They endeavour to excite the revengeful passions of the slaves by continually reminding them that the hour of retaliation is come. You hear the cries in the street boasting that they will 'wade knee deep in the white man's blood.' The ruin and devastation of the Northern hordes have never been equalled by a civilized people. Have you read the Northern accounts of the terrible retribution for what they choose to term the murder of General McCook? Seventy-two innocent men who were pursuing their peaceful avocations were hung, sixty houses burnt, while the women and children were turned roofless and penniless upon the world! McCook was a brave who committed many outrages in Nashville; among others, he caused a clergyman, a Mr. Elliott, who was President of the Female Academy at Nashville, to be stripped and publicly whipped. It is said he was shot by the brother of a young lady who was at school at Nashville, and who had been insulted by McCook. You remember a dear friend of mine, whom you knew when you were here; she told me that she saw last Sunday, while standing at her street-door, three Yankee officers cross over the street, one of them walk up to a young boy of nineteen who is paralyzed, a Mr. —, and slap him on the face, and curse him as a d— Southern rebel and use other language I could not write, to which the poor cripple made no answer. He then put his hand on his revolver and threatened to shoot him, though inside the door stood a young lady who would have been shot had he fired his pistol. As soon as Mr. —'s agitation permitted him to speak, he demanded the officer's name; the coward replied, 'I do not give my name to d—rebels.' He then walked off, but evidently being encouraged by the other two officers, he returned and administered another slap. Three weeks ago the cowardly miscreants scarcely dared look us in the face, but now they know we are unarmed and they can insult us with impunity. You have heard of the imprisonment of Mrs. Phillips. She is a charming woman, with a large family of children, all of them uneducated, many of them very young, and thus deprived of a mother's care. When called before Butler, he simply asked if she did not smile when he saw the funeral procession of Captain de Kay pass her house? She replied, 'It was possible, as she was in good spirits that day?' Without further trial he sentenced her to close confinement on Ship Island for an indefinite period. Upon her husband endeavouring to speak for her, he told him that he would have him gagged if he opened his mouth again. Poor Mrs. Phillips has been more than two months on that desolate and lonely island, without a hope of release. She is in a wretched shanty, which neither keeps out rain nor sun; she has had to pass the entire night sitting under an umbrella; she receives no solid rations, she was allowed a servant, but this poor woman is not permitted to leave the room, and has to share the close confinement of her mistress. Mrs. Phillips being dangerously ill at the time, her husband was permitted to visit her. She had concealed from him her wretched condition; they gave her neither a bed nor chair; she took one of each with her, which comprises the furniture of her wretched prison. She had been ill for a week, during which time her servant could not cross the threshold of her door, and no one entered to see if they required anything; a little arrowroot, cooked over a piece of tallow candle, was all she could procure. Finally, she sent for an officer, and explained to him her helpless condition, and the absolute necessity there was of her having hot water for hot applications. He left her, promising to send her some immediately. In four hours after she was sent. She had had time to die of her agony. Mrs. Phillips had already been imprisoned in Washington, with two lovely daughters, on suspicion of corresponding with the enemy. Though every search was made in that house, even the soiled linen looked through

Tellt and Telsidom.

WOMAN'S GRIEF.—A stingy husband.

THERE are a great many disgusting truths, and quite as many charming falsehoods. YOUNG women often keep their lovers by tears. Love, like beef, is preserved by brine. MANY poor fellows seem to have a less horror of water upon the brain than upon the stomach. A CHRISTIAN cannot aim too high; a soldier shouldn't aim higher than the breast or head. THE stocks that are generally most in demand in war times are gun-stocks. THE glasses in the evening account for the "glassy eyes" in the morning. HE ship called statesmanship is generally a specimen of land-craft. You cannot rig a ship with a yoke, and the "strands of ocean" are not made of hemp. A COQUETTE is a female archer, who first bags and then sacks her game. EVERY woman is a soldier through the night; the sack she wears is her nap-sack. AMBITION is but avarice, masked and walking on stilts. A MAN with a long head is not very apt to be leading. COOKS, ATTENTION!—When is beef not beef?—When it is boiled to a rag. A WISE ruler is better than a race-horse; the latter makes good time, the former good times. WHERE the lawyers flourish we may take it for granted the laws do not. WE are generally as unwilling to exchange our thoughts for another's as our children. If eight furlongs make an ordinary mile, how many would it take to make a *no-mis*? MISSES may be wived, but oftentimes wives, even though they die, are not missed. A YOUNG woman and her picture are often exactly alike in one thing in no other—both are painted. LORD BACON says that we should square our lives; but life is a circle and the circle can't be squared. It is said that the pen is mightier than the sword. Neither is of much use without the holder. HE who loves a lady's complexion, form and features, loves not her true self, but her soul's old clothes.

FROM the numerous examples of the Sewing Machine exhibited, we select one, because it is the one that has been best subjected to the influence of Art. It is indeed a very handsome piece of drawing-room furniture, and may be properly placed among articles of a more ambitious character. It is certainly the best of many candidates for public favour, and is known as the "Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine." Circulars post-free, on application at No. 1 Ludgate Hill, E.C.—*Art Journal*, August 1862.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL has consented to allow the "Two Shilling Society of Arts" Prize Writing Case to pass through the book-post for four stamps, so that this compact case, of which 150,000 have already been sold, can now be sent to any part of the United Kingdom by sending twenty-eight stamps to the makers and inventors, Parkins and Gatto, 25, Oxford-street, London, to whom the Society of Arts awarded for this case the prize of twenty guineas and their silver medal, for its utility, durability, and cheapness. The case contains writing paper, envelopes, blotting book, metal pen case with reserve of pens, &c. &c., and is, without exception, the cheapest article ever offered to the public.

MR. and MRS. REED, with MR. JOHN PARRY will give their NEW ENTERTAINMENT, "The Family Legend" by John Taylor, Esq., with Mr. John Parry's musical narrative of "A Colleen Bawn," every evening (except Saturday) at Eight o'clock. Morning Representations—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three o'clock. ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATIONS, 14, Regent-street. Unreserved seats, 1s. and 2s.; stalls, 3s. stall (spring) chairs 5s. secured in advance at the Gallery (without fee) and at Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, and CO.'S, 201, Regent-street.

THE DR. JOHNSON'S MUSIC HALL, Bolt-court 151, Fleet-street.—Mr. H. De Brenner, the great Tenor singer, Mr. Benedict Vaughan, the celebrated Baritone, the Misses Hamilton and McVie, the famous duettists, Miss Georgina Smithson and Fred Hanbury, the most popular character singers of the day, with Hullo, the ventriloquist, and a host of other talented artists, appear every evening at the above elegant place of entertainment. Stalls 1s. Hall 6d.

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549 lb., 2755s.; 550 lb., 2760s.; 551 lb., 2765s.; 552 lb., 2770s.; 553 lb., 2775s.; 554 lb., 2780s.; 555 lb., 2785s.; 556 lb., 2790s.; 557 lb., 2795s.; 558 lb., 2800s.; 559 lb., 2805s.; 560 lb., 2810s.; 561 lb., 2815s.; 562 lb., 2820s.; 563 lb., 2825s.; 564 lb., 2830s.; 565 lb., 2835s.; 566 lb., 2840s.; 567 lb., 2845s.; 568 lb., 2850s.; 569 lb., 2855s.; 570 lb., 2860s.; 571 lb., 2865s.; 572 lb., 2870s.; 573 lb., 2875s.; 574 lb., 2880s.; 575 lb., 2885s.; 576 lb., 2890s.; 577 lb., 2895s.; 578 lb., 2900s.; 579 lb., 2905s.; 580 lb., 2910s.; 581 lb., 2915s.; 582 lb., 2920s.; 583 lb., 2925s.; 584 lb., 2930s.; 585 lb., 2935s.; 586 lb., 2940s.; 587 lb., 2945s.; 588 lb., 2950s.; 589 lb., 2955s.; 590 lb., 2960s.; 591 lb., 2965s.; 592 lb., 2970s.; 593 lb., 2975s.; 594 lb., 2980s.; 595 lb., 2985s.; 596 lb., 2990s.; 597 lb., 2995s.; 598 lb., 3000s.; 599 lb., 3005s.; 600 lb., 3010s.; 601 lb., 3015s.; 602 lb., 3020s.; 603 lb., 3025s.; 604 lb., 3030s.; 605 lb., 3035s.; 606 lb., 3040s.; 607 lb., 3045s.; 608 lb., 3050s.; 609 lb., 3055s.; 610 lb., 3060s.; 611 lb., 3065s.; 612 lb., 3070s.; 613 lb., 3075s.; 614 lb., 3080s.; 615 lb., 3085s.; 616 lb., 3090s.; 617 lb., 3095s.; 618 lb., 3100s.; 619 lb., 3105s.; 620 lb., 3110s.; 621 lb., 3115s.; 622 lb., 3120s.; 623 lb., 3125s.; 624 lb., 3130s.; 625 lb., 3135s.; 626 lb., 3140s.; 627 lb., 3145s.; 628 lb., 3150s.; 629 lb., 3155s.; 630 lb., 3160s.; 631 lb., 3165s.; 632 lb., 3170s.; 633 lb., 3175s.; 634 lb., 3180s.; 635 lb., 3185s.; 636 lb., 3190s.; 637 lb., 3195s.; 638 lb., 3200s.; 639 lb., 3205s.; 640 lb., 3210s.; 641 lb., 3215s.; 642 lb., 3220s.; 643 lb., 3225s.; 644 lb., 3230s.; 645 lb., 3235s.; 646 lb., 3240s.; 647 lb., 3245s.; 648 lb., 3250s.; 649 lb., 3255s.; 650 lb., 3260s.; 651 lb., 3265s.; 652 lb., 3270s.; 653 lb., 3275s.; 654 lb., 3280s.; 655 lb., 3285s.; 656 lb., 3290s.; 657 lb., 3295s.; 658 lb., 3300s.; 659 lb., 3305s.; 660 lb., 3310s.; 661 lb., 3315s.; 662 lb., 3320s.; 663 lb., 3325s.; 664 lb., 3330s.; 665 lb., 3335s.; 666 lb., 3340s.; 667 lb., 3345s.; 668 lb., 3350s.; 669 lb., 3355s.; 670 lb., 3360s.; 671 lb., 3365s.; 672 lb., 3370s.; 673 lb., 3375s.; 674 lb., 3380s.; 675 lb., 3385s.; 676 lb., 3390s.; 677 lb., 3395s.; 678 lb., 3400s.; 679 lb., 3405s.; 680 lb., 3410s.; 681 lb., 3415s.; 682 lb., 3420s.; 683 lb., 3425s.; 684 lb., 3430s.; 685 lb., 3435s.; 686 lb., 3440s.; 687 lb., 3445s.; 688 lb., 3450s.; 689 lb., 3455s.; 690 lb., 3460s.; 691 lb., 3465s.; 692 lb., 3470s.; 693 lb., 3475s.; 694 lb., 3480s.; 695 lb., 3485s.; 696 lb., 3490s.; 697 lb., 3495s.; 698 lb., 3500s.; 699 lb., 3505s.; 700 lb., 3510s.; 701 lb., 3515s.; 702 lb., 3520s.; 703 lb., 3525s.; 704 lb., 3530s.; 705 lb., 3535s.; 706 lb., 3540s.; 707 lb., 3545s.; 708 lb., 3550s.; 709 lb., 3555s.; 710 lb., 3560s.; 711 lb., 3565s.; 712 lb., 3570s.; 713 lb., 3575s.; 714 lb., 3580s.; 715 lb., 3585s.; 716

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strand.—Saturday, October 18, 1863.